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# THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

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A VETERAN  
(Messrs. Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)



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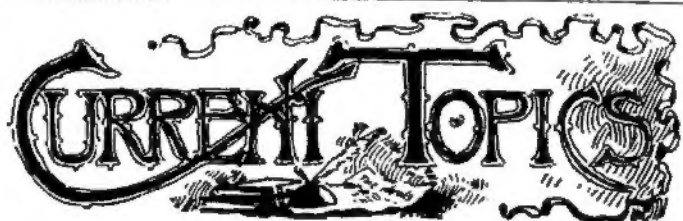
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27th DECEMBER, 1890.



The old notion that the bird of dawning sings all night long on Christmas eve, dispelling by his sonorous watchfulness all kinds of evil spirits, so that not one of them may stir abroad to assail with unseen weapons the children of men is surely not without significance. Whether or not we believe in witch or fairy, or striking planet, we know that there are powers of darkness that lie in wait to catch souls and do them mischief. These malicious forces, loving guile and plotting wrong, make their ambush most commonly in the hearts of men and women and yet they are enemies of the human race. We know that Christmas is their declared antagonist and so much do they dread his advent that for fear's or shame's sake they put on disguise when they discern his approach if they cannot get out of the way of his rebuking presence. Where he reigns, there is a lull in the clamour of bad passions that make discord in the world. Envy and hatred and all uncharitableness flee at the sound of his footsteps; the voice of contention is hushed and words of anger are no longer heard. Gentle and tender thoughts visit the mind and what the tongue utters is gracious and kindly. Softening memories of long vanished scenes and forms awake with the hallowed dawn and a desire to make others happy, if but for a day or even an hour, makes itself felt. The little ones, the poor, the sick and the distressed are gainers by these diffused influences. Those who are blessed with wealth and health and freedom from care have a richer benison by (as far as possible) sharing their boons with others. Such is the far-reaching sway of Christmas-tide that it hallows the closing and gladdens the coming year by the efficacy of its name, and the memories, wishes, prayers and hopes therewith associated.

Word has come that the *modus vivendi* between France and England, touching Newfoundland, has been prolonged on the definite understanding that the British Government shall, during its continuance, settle the difficulty with or without the consent of the Newfoundland Legislature. A scheme, which originated with the council of St. Pierre and Miquelon has also been submitted by M. Ribot. It is not at all likely to win favour in England, unless the Government desires to alienate Newfoundland irremediably. This scheme proposes that Newfoundland should part with the peninsula of Burin, in lieu of the French shore! We can anticipate the comments of the island press on such an offer as that—an offer which the colony would never dream of accepting.

Since his return to England, Col. Fane, of Fulbeck Hall, Lincolnshire, of the agricultural delegates that visited Canada at the invitation of the Government, has given a generally favourable account of the North-West as a home for English emigrants. He was surprised and delighted at the extent and character of the cattle ranches, and spoke especially of the Hon. Mr. Cochrane's establishment in the McLeod district. Mr. Cochrane, he said, was well known in England as a raiser of shorthorns. What pleased him not

a little was to find so many prosperous farmers from his own county. Immigrants to Canada had undoubtedly to work hard, but, if they were industrious and saving, a competence assuredly awaited them. He thought, however, that for ranching considerable capital was necessary, as, except it were conducted on a large scale, it could hardly be expected to be remunerative. He had met a good many young Englishmen of the well-to-do, educated class who had come to Canada with little money and without the necessary previous training. Some of these succeeded through force of character, having made up their minds to battle with adverse circumstances till they conquered. Others had uphill work, though they did their best and did not grumble. Even those who were literally "roughing it" preferred the healthy life that they led, so largely in the open air, and its invigorating toil, to sedentary occupation in Europe. There was, indeed, a charm about the independence of North-West ranch life, with its pleasant excitement, which suited the youth of England. Col. Fane expressed a strong preference for the British provinces and territories, as contrasted with the Far West of the United States, with its wild disorder, its daily shootings and impunity for crime, save when resort was had to a tribunal which was itself lawless. Of the Canadian cattle trade he spoke favourably, and questioned the truth of the statement that the cattle lost in weight during the passage. He referred in enthusiastic terms to Canadian dairying, to our fruit-growing capabilities and to our excellent agricultural schools. Altogether, Col. Fane's report of his visit is most encouraging, and his practical suggestions are wise and timely. He had been in Canada years ago with his regiment, the 25th King's Own Borderers, and so was able to appreciate the remarkable progress of the last quarter century.

It appears that during the year 1889 1,279 three-pound bags of Ladoga wheat were distributed among the farmers of the Dominion for purposes of experiment. Up to the close of last January 142 reports had been received at the Central Farm as to the results of the tests made. Of these 117 were favourable and 25 unfavourable. The latter were mainly from Ontario and Quebec, where rust had been general in all varieties, but it appeared that the Ladoga had suffered more from that cause than some of the other sorts. The average yield from the 3 lbs. samples was 46 lbs. The largest yield reported up to the date above given was from Mr. M. Saunby, of Inderby, British Columbia, in whose case 139½ lbs. were harvested. The average weight per bushel of the grain produced was 60½ lbs.—the heaviest coming from Mr. Groat, of Edmonton, N.W.T., showing 64½ lbs. For early ripening the Ladoga continues to maintain its character—the average from the returns sent in giving it 9½ days advantage over the Red Fife. In the Maritime Provinces, where White Russian has been principally grown, the Ladoga was, on an average, 8 days in advance of that variety. The extracts from the more favourable reports showed a considerable diversity in the yield and its character. That this was due to local circumstances may be taken for granted, but the amount and quality of the harvest must also have depended, to some extent at least, on the care bestowed on the test. The prevalence of rust in older Canada just at the season when the test was made was unfortunate, but good yields obtained in both the Maritime and interior provinces show that even under such adverse circumstances vigilance and good managements may prove an efficient counter-agent. The tests of frozen grain were especially beneficial to North-Western farmers as a warning against hazarding the use of injured seed. In no case is it serviceable to put inferior grain, whether it be damaged or naturally so, into the ground, and this Canadian farmers are learning and taking to heart.

The introduction into Canada of Dr. Koch's remedy for tuberculosis (the first trial of its efficacy having been made last week in Montreal at the General Hospital) marks an important stage in the history of medicine in the Dominion. Canada has long

taken a high rank in medicine and surgery, and McGill College may, without invidious preference, be pronounced well worthy of the distinction of initiating the application of this great discovery in Canada. It would not be proper to single out the names of the living for honorable mention, but it may suffice to say that an institution which comprised in its list of pioneers such names as Sir Duncan Gibb, Dr. Andrew Holmes, Dr. George Campbell and Dr. R. P. Howard has no reason to be ashamed of the pupils and successors of those eminent men. Not a few of the later generation have enlarged the knowledge and experience of their admirable home training by subsequent courses in the great medical schools of Europe. Those of Germany have had attractions for several of them, and thither a volunteer delegation has just gone to sit patiently at the feet of the Gamaliel whose discovery will, it is hoped not without reason, prove one of the grandest boons that science has yet conferred on suffering humanity. The first country beyond the limits of the German Empire to share in the benefits of the new cure was our own motherland, Dr. Koch having, early in November, placed a small quantity of his wondrous fluid at the disposal of Mr. Watson Cheyne, Surgeon to King's College Hospital, and Dr. G. A. Heron, Physician to the Victoria Park Hospital for Consumption. A demonstration of the efficacy of the remedy was given in due time, but the quantity of lymph available was extremely small, and British physicians, who are proverbially cautious in adopting novelties, hesitated to pronounce a judgment till they had more ample data to base it on. Subsequent trials were, however, considered favourable to the new cure. In respect of the results to be expected in cases of lupus, Dr. Koch himself said that the affected spots swelled after injection and that, serous exudation ensuing, the watery matter dried upon the turgid skin and then the spots healed, shrank and disappeared. It is the tissue, not the tubercle bacillus that the lymph acts upon—this diseased tissue being in some cases absorbed, in others cast out by suppuration. On the liberation of the bacilli by this last process they may invade healthy parts, and as a safeguard against injurious results, the needle syringe must be used again till all trace of morbid action has disappeared. On the issue of the tests inaugurated in this city much depends.

According to a series of experiments conducted in France by scientific agriculturists, it has been ascertained that there is no essential difference between spring wheats and fall wheats. All wheats, says the *Dictionnaire d'Agriculture*, are sown in spring or autumn, according to the country. They all pass in time from the one state to the other, and only need to be gradually accustomed to the change by sowing the fall wheat a little later or the spring wheat a little earlier, from year to year. Of the great number of varieties, some feel the cold more than others, and these it has become usual to sow in the spring. The cultivation of wheat goes back to a time of which written history has kept no record. Monuments that antedate the Hebrew scriptures, show that it was familiar to the Egyptians long before the period of the Exodus. A small-grained wheat has been found among the remains of the earliest Swiss lake-dwellings, which have been assigned a date as remote as that of the Trojan war. The lake-dwellings of pre-historic Lombardy have yielded a different variety of wheat, while wheat of an intermediate kind was found among the ruins of the Stone age in Hungary. Passing to the farthest continental East, we find that the Chinese had a knowledge of the precious grain twenty-seven centuries before Christ. The great antiquity assigned to wheat in the temperate parts of Europe, Asia and Africa by monuments and written records is confirmed by the names that have been given to it in the oldest known languages. It is not believed, however, that it was widely diffused in a wild state before its culture began. Of all the testimony as to its natural growth between the extreme west and the extreme east of the old world, De Condolle is inclined to accept only that which assigns as its habitats Mesopotamia and the banks



of the Indus. He thinks it probable that the Valley of the Euphrates, lying in the centre of a belt of cultivation extending from China to the Canaries, was the chief home of the species in prehistoric times, and that to the east and west of Western Asia wheat has never existed save as a cultivated plant.

The extraordinary developments of the quarrel between the two sections of the Irish Nationalists have cast every other old-world topic of interest into temporary obscurity. A Canadian pioneer, Mr. Samuel Thompson, in his interesting "Reminiscences," describes an incident which came under his notice during a visit to Galway in 1833, which sheds light on the perfervid Irish temperament and its excessive inflammability. A warden of Galway, like another Brutus, hanged his own son from a window of his house to prevent a rescue by the populace. During Mr. Thompson's visit, this ill-omened house was still standing, though greatly dilapidated, a sad memento of the domestic tragedy. One day he was sitting in a hair-dresser's shop on the other side of the street, looking across at the warden's dismal house, when a beggarman, in rags that barely covered his nakedness, with a sack over his shoulder and a cudgel in one hand, came lounging along. "A butcher's dog of aristocratic tastes took offence at the man's rags and attacked him savagely. The old man struck at the dog, the dog's owner darted out of his cellar and struck at the beggar, somebody else took a part, and in the twinkling of an eye, as it were, the narrow street was blocked up with men furiously wielding shillelaghs, striking right and left at whoever happened to be most handy, and yelling like Dante's devils in full chorus. Another minute and a squad of policemen in green uniforms—peelers, they are popularly called—appeared as if by magic and with the effect of magic; for instantly, and with a celerity evidently the result of long practice, the crowd, beggarman, butcher's dog and all, vanished into the yawning cellars, and the street was left as quiet as before, the police marching leisurely back to their barracks." The account that Mr. Thompson gives of the surrounding peasantry and the fishing population of the coast tallies so exactly with the reports of Mr. Balfour's tour as to make it evident that two generations have brought no improvement in their condition and mode of living. On Mr. Balfour has devolved the task, while Mr. Parnell and his former colleagues are settling their deplorable quarrel, of creating that elysium of rural prosperity which so many statesmen have fruitlessly promised.

#### CANADA FIRST.

It is nearly twenty years since this suggestive motto was adopted as the watchword of a number of patriotic Canadians. It was originally the title of a brochure published in Toronto in the year 1871 from the pen of the late Mr. W. A. Foster, Q.C. The author of it had already in 1865 and the two following years made the formation of a Canadian confederation the basis of an appeal to the national sentiment of his compatriots. In an article in the *Westminster Review*, he undertook to make clear to English readers the significance of the movement for the union of the Provinces, tracing to its origin the aspiration of which he believed it to be the development, and hazarding a forecast of its probable sequel. An article in the same review in 1866 dealt with the history and effects of the reciprocity treaty and its termination. The third in the series was contributed to the *Toronto Telegraph* in August, 1867, after the late Mr. George Brown had insisted on renewing the old party warfare, which had ceased for a time in order to carry confederation. All these articles revealed an original and independent habit of thought and a vigorous grasp of principles and facts. But it was "Canada First; or, Our New Nationality," that attracted most attention, especially among the younger educated men who had been born in the country and were proud to be called Canadians. It rehearsed the ignored or little known evidences of achievement which justified the larger aspiration. It pointed to the great names on the pages of Canadian history; recited the glories of the heroic age of the earlier régime;

dwelt on the valiant struggle of the little handful of colonists against their secular foe; of the transfer to the victors of the land which they had settled; of the later conflicts in which victors and vanquished had stood shoulder to shoulder in defence of their right to live and develop in their own way; of the invasions of 1775 and 1812, 1866 and 1870, and the prompt courage with which patriots of both races had united in repelling the aggressors. It enumerated the long line of native statesmen who had initiated and continued till success crowned their efforts the battle for constitutional rights and responsible government. It recounted the obscurer but no less real and enduring triumphs of the hardy pioneers who had made the wilderness blossom as the rose. It indicated the more salient features in Canada's vast and varied resources which were the heritage of a people worthy of their descent from the most distinguished of European races. It drew attention to the spread of education and to the first fruits of scientific research, scholarship and literary culture. It mentioned with pride the names of Logan, Gibb, Haliburton, Falardeau, Paul Kane, Bourassa, Mrs. Moodie, Miss Murray, Dr. (Sir Daniel) Wilson, Dr. McCaul, John Foster Kirk, Heavysege, Mair, De Boucherville, Garneau, Sangster and many another who had won repute and conferred honour on Canada in the spheres of science, literature and art. It gave a list of famous Canadian soldiers and sailors—Williams, Dunn, McNab, Wallis, Westphal, Montizambert, Welsford—who had won laurels fighting for the Empire in India, Egypt, the Crimea and all over the world.

We need not now recapitulate the inferences that Mr. Foster drew from the comments of strangers who only remembered that Canada was a colony. We would rather dwell with some share of satisfaction on the extent to which his forecasts have been fulfilled. Since 1871 the attitude of Englishmen towards those outlying parts of the Empire to which Sir Charles Dilke gave the name of Greater Britain, and which the Marquis of Lorne prefers to call Larger Britain, has undergone a welcome change. The colonies have become too important, too powerful to provoke contemptuous criticism from any Englishman of intelligence or influence. While their development as a whole during the last twenty years has been extraordinary, Canada has, in many respects, more than kept pace with the average of advancement. If Mr. Foster were writing his essay to-day he would be able to add many triumphs to those which he so proudly recalled in 1871. At that date the confederation was not yet quite complete, even as to the formal admission of the Provinces constituting it, while as for the Western half of the Dominion, it was still an unknown region, a great lone land, of whose capabilities we had only begun to be aware. It was virtually more distant from Eastern Canada than Europe was. Its great natural features and resources had only begun to be carefully examined; for it was not till that very year, 1871, that the Geological Survey entered upon the explorations which have proved so fruitful and have revealed such a practically exhaustless store of economic wealth. The course of events since "Canada First" was written has shown an ever increasing tendency to give reality to what many then regarded as a dream. Without discussing the different standpoints from which the new nationality might be regarded, there is no reason to doubt that the national sentiment has broadened and deepened, that the bonds between the several provinces have been drawn closer, and that the gaps of territory between the different groups have been to a considerable extent filled up by settlement. The Canada of to-day presents many salient contrasts to the Canada of 1871. The younger men of to-day have grown up accustomed to conditions, the forecast of which could hardly have occurred to the most sanguine twenty years ago. Those who were young men when Mr. Foster wrote his patriotic and spirit-stirring appeal have lived to see at least the nearing mountain tops of the promised land of his vision. Not only in the material order is the situation greatly in advance of what it was when the western half of British America was entering the Dominion, but in

the intellectual order also there has been a most gratifying progress.

The spread of education from ocean to ocean is one of the most welcome features in the change. Only those who are able to compare the professional and business communities of the time when Mr. Foster issued his trumpet-call with those communities as they have been modified by the advantages of the higher training can realize what headway has been made in that direction alone. The universities of the older provinces have been placed upon a footing of efficiency which facilitates beyond expectation the diffusion of culture among all who cherish aspirations after knowledge and taste. No young Canadian need perish for lack of knowledge, the means of acquiring which have been brought to his door, and made accessible even to slender incomes. The number of persons, not only in the professions, but in every occupation, who take courses at college has fully trebled. Provision has been made for instruction in technical subjects, which has rendered Canada independent of outside aid in those branches of industry that call for special training. The admission of women to our universities is another step forward that ought not to be ignored. But if we look to newer Canada (Manitoba, the Territories, and British Columbia), the gain in those respects is still more noteworthy. On this side of the Rocky Mountains and beyond Lake Superior the educational system comprises all the grades known to the older provinces. Manitoba University was hailed in England as the solution of a great problem—the co-operation of colleges of different creeds so as to form one central institution. The same plan will probably be adopted by and by with the Territorial colleges. British Columbia has reached the university stage with every prospect of equalling what cis-montane Canada has achieved.

There is one feature in connection with the development of the western half of our great country that deserves special mention—the large proportion of graduates in the several communities. This is at least partially due to the increased appreciation of university training in older Canada, whence the new provinces were mainly settled. But it is not the number of graduates alone that merits attention. It is the evidence of higher and more extended literary efficiency in the younger generation that inspires us with pride and hope. If Mr. Foster were still with us to compile his lists of eminent Canadians over again, he would have to make additions in every department of intellectual effort of names that any country might be proud to own. New Canada, as well as Old Canada, has contributed to the welcome total. In literature, in science, in art, in arms, in diplomacy, in statesmanship, in exploration, in the higher ranks of commerce, Canada has been pushing steadily to the front. There are drawbacks, it is true; if there were not, there would be no scope for earnest endeavour. But the sentiment which it was Mr. Foster's patriotic aim to make and keep alive in the breast of every Canadian—of the educated Canadian, especially—lives and bears fruit from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He wrote not, he spoke not, in vain; and, though he has gone from us, his words have still power to deepen our love for the land that he loved so well, and the more we hearken to his exhortations to sink old feuds and prejudices and sectional jealousies in the stream of oblivion, the sooner shall we attain the full fruition of that seed-time of aspiration and hopeful striving in which he led the way.

#### In the Grove.

You read us Lamplan's poems, while we lay  
In green seclusion of an island grove;  
Curled clouds across the lucent heavens drove  
The shining flocks and herds of shepherd day;  
The maples round us raised their pillars gray,  
An osprey from the blue above us dove,  
And harsh and deep the steamer's whistle clove  
Our tranced sweet quiet from the river-way.  
The poet's mystic work of lofty rhyme  
Around our hearts its cords of wisdom threw;  
His high dreams brooded o'er us from the blue,  
His words were mingled with the water's chime:  
The infinite deep delights of August's prime  
From Song's soft charm a holier gladness drew.

J. E. GOSTWYCKE ROBERTS.

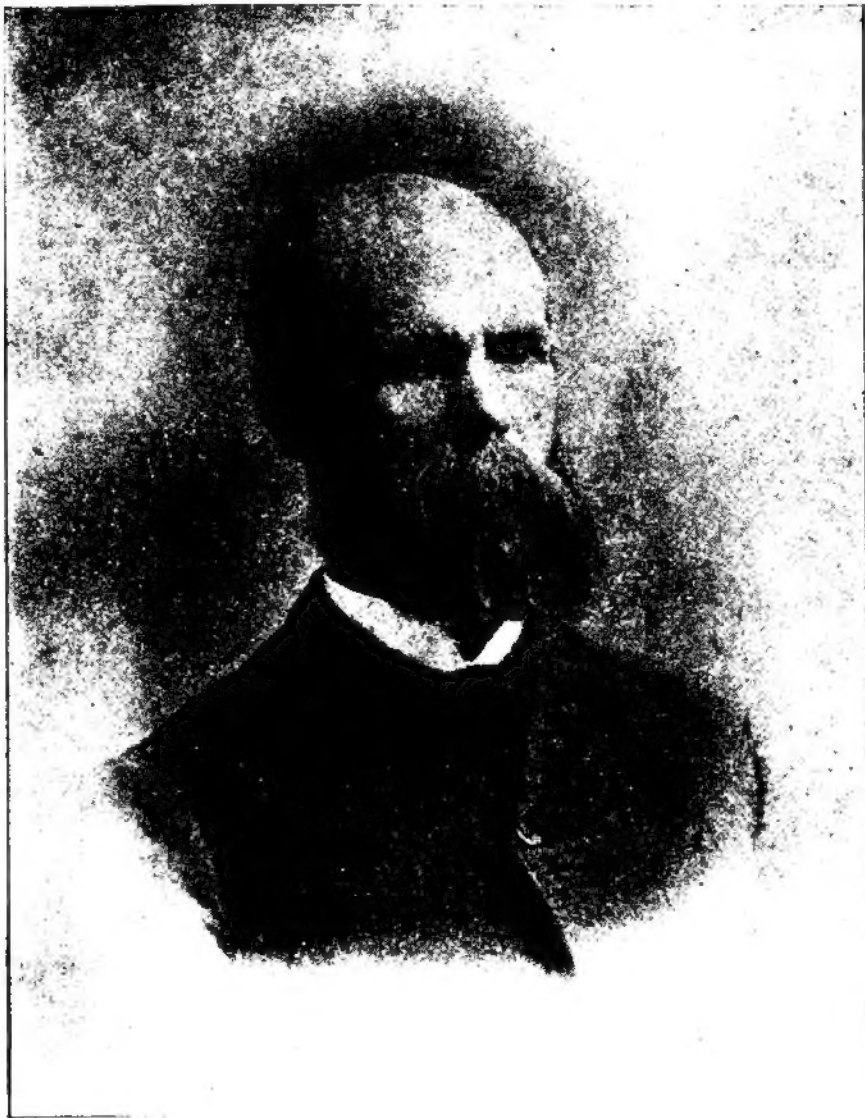




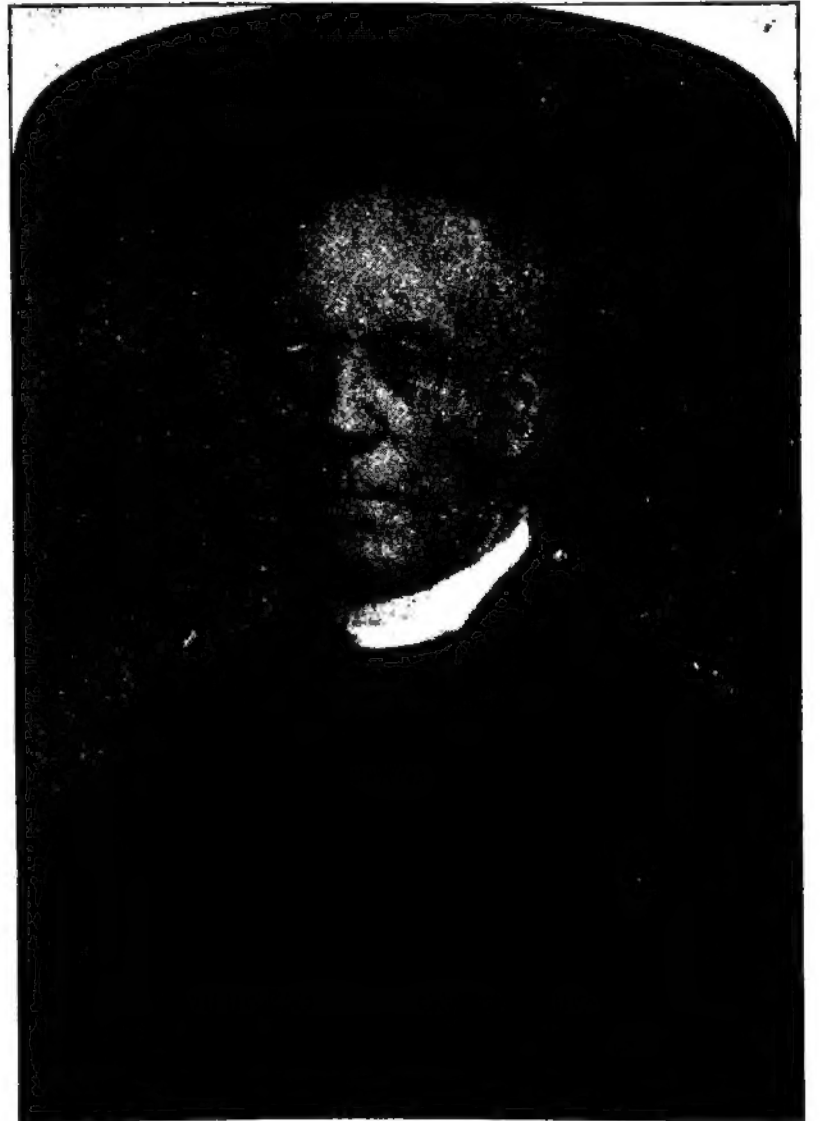
A FINE DAY ON THE RICHELIEU.



SCENE ON NANAIMO RIVER, B. C.



MR. WM. MACKINTOSH.  
President Ontario Teachers' Association.



VERY REV. A. McD. DAWSON, OTTAWA.  
LL.D., F.R.S.C.

### Through the Magazines.

#### NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

An article of comprehensive interest on "Emerson and His Friends at Concord," by Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, with a number of charming illustrations of Emersonian scenes and a fine portrait (frontispiece) from Rowse's crayon drawing in Prof. C. E. Norton's possession forms the most salient attraction in the December number of the *New England Magazine*. The Old Manse, Thoreau's Birth-place, the Orchard House, the Home of Emerson and Concord River are among the haunts of the poet-philosopher here depicted. The reminiscences are fitly interspersed with several of Emerson's poems, examples of the less known verse of Ellery Channing and appropriate passages from other writers of the famous group, which included Hawthorne, Thoreau and the Alcotts. It is a delicious bit of literary biography. "A Day in the Yosemite with a Kodak" takes us far from New England, while Mr. Dodge beguiles us with grand views and eloquent descriptions. Returning, we are edified by Mr. Grimke's pregnant account of "Anti-Slavery Boston" and its portraits of W. L. Garrison, Francis Jackson, Mrs. Chapman, the Phillipses, Theodore Parker, Sumner and Longfellow, Eliza Wright and Lewis Hayden. Mr. Samuel M. Baylis, of this city, contributes a sonnet on Quebec. "The Rev. Henry Bronson" is a character sketch and, by implication, a love story, by the late John Elliott Bowen, Mr. Bliss Carman's predecessor in the literary editorship of the *Independent*. It is adorned by a welcome portrait of Mr. Bowen. "The Romance of Miles O'Meara," by John Elliott Curran, should go some little way as an antidote to Mr. Appleton Morgan's terrible "Dago" article in the *Popular Science Monthly*. The world is wide enough, doubtless, to hold Maria and Andrea as well as the "Dago." "A General of the Revolution" (Heath), by Mr. Crafts, takes us out of the present, and in "King Philip's War" we are carried back to the days of New England's infancy, of which Mrs. Stecker has given a vivid picture. Dr. Hales exploration of the Nissitisset and other "Tarry-at-Home Travel" has all his wonted vivacity. The rest of the number comprises prose and poetry by Mr. Dole (Vincit qui patitur) and poetry by C. H. Tiffany, James Buckham, Katherine Lee Bates and others, something new about Harvard by Mr. W. R. Bigelow and some good things in the Editor's Table and Omnibus, and striking articles by Mr. Dole ("What Shall We Do with Our Millionaires?") and Mr. Caldwell ("Our Unclean Fiction.") The prospectus for next year is full of promise, and the past guarantees its fulfilment. The *New England Magazine* is worthy of its name. Boston: 86 Federal street.

#### BOOKS AND NOTIONS.

This ably-conducted monthly organ of the Canadian book and stationery trade closes its sixth year with the December number. Its experience is thus summed up: "We have had liberal encouragement in our efforts to

unite the trade against evils of whose significance and moment we have sought to spread a general appreciation. That encouragement stands at our back in the form of a long subscription list, and we have the satisfaction of feeling that if the trade is not yet completely united in a defensive league, it is, at all events, united in the support of a paper which maintains a militant attitude against all forms of infringement upon rights that are the legitimate trader's." *Books and Notions* has also served the useful purpose of a medium for the interchange of views between all who are directly or indirectly interested in the sale or purchase of books and other reading matter. Among volumes just announced we notice "Pine, Rose and Fleur de Lys," to whose approaching publication reference has already been made in this journal. It is a volume of poetry by "Seranus" (Mrs. Harrison). 6 Wellington Street West, Toronto.

#### ONWARD.

The paper that bears this significant name is an eight-page, well-illustrated weekly, edited by the Rev. Dr. Withrow. It is intended to supply young people with wholesome and instructive entertaining reading, and the editor is sure to carry out its purpose. It is published by the Rev. Wm. Briggs, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

#### SCIENCE.

This weekly newspaper of all the arts and sciences is now in its eighth year. It has made itself indispensable to all who would keep abreast with the progress of scientific research. The bound volumes are invaluable for their stored wealth of classified knowledge in every department of investigation. The last number contains an article by Mr. Henry M. Ami on the geology of Quebec city, in which the researches of the late Sir William Logan, Dr. Hunt, the late Mr. Billings, Sir William Dawson, Dr. Selwyn, Dr. Ellis, Profs. Emmons, Walcott, Marcou, Lapworth and other geologists are summarized and reviewed, with suggestions of the author based on recent examination of the rocks and their fossils. Mr. Ami will present his conclusions in a complete form in a paper to be submitted to the Geological Society of America at its meeting next month. "The Education of the Deaf," by B. Engelman; "Notes on the Habits of Some Common English Spiders," by C. V. Boys; "Special Planting for Honey," by A. J. Cook; "The Relation of Ground Water to Disease," "A Faster of the Seventeenth Century," and reviews of recent scientific works complete the number. Price of subscription, \$3.50 per year in advance. *Science* is edited and published by Mr. N. D. C. Hodges, 47 Lafayette street, New York.

#### COSMOPOLITAN.

The last number of this cheapest of first-class monthlies is one of the best yet issued. The frontispiece is a picture of genuine pathos—"Away on the mountains wild and bare"—but it is not for us to blame the carrion crows.

Beard's emblematic margin scenes are worthy of thoughtful study. They are a sermon—many sermons—as well as a work of art. "The Passion Play at Oberammergau," by Elizabeth Bisland, is the finest presentation of that marvellous drama in its proper home that we have yet seen. The illustrations of the actors and most noteworthy scenes in the play are remarkably vivid. "Mary," "John," "Barabbas," "Judas" are wonderfully well chosen for those parts. The "Judas" is a handsome man, whose features and expressions reveal that capacity for remorse which some of the conventional Judases of art lack. Miss Scidmore's "Collections of Teapots" show what scope there is for an artistic as well as literary treatment of Dr. Holmes's text. General James Grant Wilson deals opportunely and worthily with the career of his illustrious fellow-soldier, Von Moltke, of whom several portraits are given. "The Birds of Nazareth" is a timely poem on a pretty apocryphal legend. In "A Famous Fireplace," by Herbert Pierson, we are introduced to one of the wonders of historic Bruges—the most celebrated fireplace in Europe, and other points of interest in the old Flemish city. "The Cruise of the Sonoma," by T. H. Stevens, "The Army of Japan," poetry by George Edgar Montgomery, John W. Wiedemayer and Marian M. Miller. "Mrs. Pendleton's Four-in-hand," a clever story by Gertrude Franklin Atherton, the concluding chapters of "The Pursuit of the Martyrs," and, not least welcome to many readers, Miss Lilian Whiting's paper on "Literary Boston," with its profusion of portraits, form the remaining features in this rare holiday number. Price of subscription, \$2.40 a year. New York office: Fifth Avenue, Broadway and 25th street.

#### CANADIAN ELECTRICAL NEWS AND STEAM ENGINEERING JOURNAL.

The periodical hitherto published by Mr. Charles H. Mortimer, of Toronto, under the title of the *Electrical, Mechanical and Milling News*, will, with the beginning of next year, assume the name of the *Canadian Electrical News and Steam Engineering Journal*, the grain trade and milling department constituting, as already mentioned, a separate publication under the management of Mr. A. G. Mortimer. It is presumed that the growing importance in Canada of the electrical industry, with which steam engineering is dynamically associated, may be taken to justify the existence of a journal especially devoted to its interests. The paper, in its new form, will endeavour to disseminate a knowledge of the various methods by which electricity can be made to serve mankind, and will at the same time give due attention to the elucidation of the principles and practices of steam engineering. One of the objects which it will strive to attain at as early a date as possible is the organization of a Canadian Electrical Association. Meanwhile the publisher will do all in his power to make the publication a success. The office in Toronto is at 14 King street west; at Montreal, in the Temple Building, St. James street.





E. R. MURPHY, Esq.

THE IRISH DELEGATION SENT OUT TO ASCERTAIN OUR AGRICULTURAL RESOURCES.  
(Messrs. Wm. Notman & Son, p<sup>ts</sup> etc.)



MAJOR D. W. STEVENSON.



**SCENE ON THE RICHELIEU.**—This is another, and our readers will, we are sure, agree with us, a very beautiful glimpse of that storied river, which has played such an eventful part in the wars of the old régime. It is a picture that appeals both to the lover of nature and the student of history. The play of the sunlight on the water especially demands its tribute of admiration.

**ICEBERGS AT KINCARDINE, ONT.**—Though Canada is not wont to boast of it, as a feature in her manifold resources, she holds yearly as fair an exhibition of the manufactures of Boreas's workshop as any neighbour of the North Pole. This view of a winter scene on Lake Huron shows some of the forms with which those who have entered the treasures of the snow are familiar, but for which we would hardly look in this little nook of Lake Huron.

**HOTEL AND STATION, LAKE EDWARD, LAKE ST. JOHN RAILWAY.**—"One hundred miles from Quebec," writes Mr. W. H. H. Murray, "the tourist will find himself, as the train stops, at Lake of the Great Islands—than which I know of nothing lovelier nor likelier to please the angler or the health and pleasure seeker." On the railway maps and schedules this beautiful sheet of islanded water is set as Lake Edward. It is some twenty miles in length and some six to eight in breadth at the widest part. Some of its islands are miles long. Its shores are indented by wide and deep bays that penetrate far between the surrounding hills, some with broad entrances, others with openings so narrow that once inside the enclosure seems complete, and the cruiser has to search diligently for the passage out. These off-shoot lakes are also covered with islands, which abound in four-footed game, as the waters in fish. Lake Edward, or Lac des Grandes Isles, is a favourite resort of sportsmen (anglers especially), who are made comfortably at home at the well-equipped hotel, of which Mr. Baker is manager. The Lake has been leased by the hotel company.

**OLD INDIAN WITH SNOWSHOES.**—A characteristic specimen of his race in marching order, he is not ready for the war-path—at least, we hope not—but for a quiet tramp. We have been unable to obtain his history, but we believe him to be a well-conducted Indian.

**OUIATCHOUAN RIVER, BELOW THE FALLS, LAKE ST. JOHN.**—This important stream is known by name to most, by more than name to some, of our readers. It takes its rise in the County of Chicoutimi, some seven miles from Lake Quaquagumache, and enters Lake St. John at its southeast corner. It has a course of about 60 miles, and

is noted for the Great Falls, situated at about a mile from its mouth. These falls, just above the portion of the river depicted in our engraving, compare in height with those of Montmorency, which they greatly exceed in the volume of water distributed over the pendant rocks. It is noteworthy that it is from these falls the river derives its name—the word "Ouiatchouan" meaning in Algonquin "Do you see the falls?"

**SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT ON THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY AT ST. JOSEPH DE LÉVIS, P.Q., DECEMBER 18.**—Most of our readers have read in the daily papers of the terribly fatal railway accident that took place near St. Joseph de Lévis, P.Q., on the morning of the 18th inst. The Miramichi train, which was due at Lévis at 11.40 a.m., reached St. Joseph shortly before noon. About three miles from the station the line crosses diagonally a public street, close to the church, by a bridge about twenty-five feet high, resting on stone piers, the intermediate structure being of wood. The locomotive had almost crossed when the express car left the track, and an instant after the whole train was bumping over the ties. The shock broke most of the couplings, but the locomotive got over in safety, dragging with it the tender and express car. The baggage car rolled down the embankment nearly a hundred yards from the rest of the train. The second-class car struck against the stone pier, to which it did considerable damage, while it was itself almost broken in two. The smoking-car fell into the street, almost crushing in a house and sustaining heavy injuries. The first-class car fell at the foot of the embankment, while the Pullman was thrown a few feet beyond it, both lying side by side. A number of working men, who happened to be near, with the train hands from the depot and the police and firemen of Lévis, promptly set to work to release the imprisoned passengers. It soon became evident that some of them were beyond the reach of help, but the number of the injured whose condition required immediate attention was also large. Six persons had been killed on the spot. Among these was Mr. Alexis Dessault, M.P. for Kamouraska, whose melancholy death, in the prime of life and in the midst of a career of usefulness is universally deplored. He was born in 1847, called to the Bar in 1869, married in 1872 to Mlle. Paradis, and was elected to the House of Commons, in the Liberal interest, in 1887. He was also Major in the 88th Battalion, and was for several years Mayor of the town of Kamouraska. Mr. J. P. Blais, merchant of that place, was also among the victims. Messrs. Xavier Leclerc, of Lévis, machinist, and Max Dresspool, of New Glasgow, N.S., met their deaths. A train news agent named Winner was found among the dead. Mrs. Beauchemin, of Manchester, N.H., succumbed to her injuries on the following day, and several others are in a critical condition. The inquest is now going on, and till the verdict is reached it is vain to hazard conjectures as to the cause of the disaster. This is the first serious accident that has taken place on the Intercolonial. The railway authorities have assumed the re-

sponsibility of the funeral expenses of the killed and the attendance of the injured.

**SCENE ON NANAIMO RIVER, B.C.**—There are no rivers, in the stricter sense of the word, in Vancouver Island. The numerous streams that flow through the country are simply short water courses that discharge the overflow of the lakes or the surface waters of the neighbouring ridges. Some of these become torrents in winter, while in summer they wane into mere rivulets. The Nanaimo, however, which drains a lake half way across the upper part of the southern peninsula, formed by Barclay Sound, is of considerable size, and noted for its attractive scenery. It enters the Strait of Georgia not far from the town of the same name.

**"INSTRUCTION," FROM THE PAINTING BY E. MUNIER.** This is a characteristic production of an artist whose work has already been illustrated in our pages. It is not unworthy of his brush.

**NIAGARA IN WINTER.**—Most of the many writers who have given the world their impressions of Niagara have described its summer glories, but one who lived for years within sight and hearing of the stupendous scene, and who rests within earshot (if he could only hear) of its mighty music, paid tribute to its grandeur in every season. "One might almost fancy," he writes, "that Niagara was designedly placed by the Creator in the temperate zone that it might not always wear the same livery of loveliness, but that the peculiar excellencies of the three great regions of the earth might in turn enrich, beautify and adorn this favoured and glorious work of His power; that in summer it might have the warmth and luxuriance of the tropics; in autumn the vivid hues and varying dyes of the middle region, and in winter the icy splendour and starry lustre of the frozen zone. All that is rich, all that is striking, all that is gorgeous in nature thus centres here in one holy spot, beautifying sublimity, adorning immensity, and making the awful attractive." The winter scenery of Niagara is wonderful in its wealth of form and hue. "The grass is turned to pearl, the forest to cerus, the foliage to crystal, by the falling and freezing spray. Rocks of glass, columns of alabaster, trees of cerule, and rainbows resting upon the crystal branches and nestling among the diamond twigs and tendrils. Groves of spar, bending beneath a weight of brilliants in all the blazonry of splendour, allure and dazzle the eye, and, stirred by the wind, rain down upon the alabaster earth showers of diamonds glittering in the sunlight and still shining where they fall. The river, a sea of silver, springs down a porcelain precipice, and falling on rocks of transparent chalcedony, carved into strange and curious shades and fringed with pointed pendants of crystal dashes glittering up, filling the air with starry rainbow wreaths of beauty. Crystalline stalactites of enormous size and immeasurable lengths, overlying and clustering round each other in many a fanciful and fantastic shape, forming colonnades, pilasters, capitals and



cornices, ornamented and enriched by a beautiful fretwork of glassy texture, and delicate tracery, hang down the banks and mock the sun with their lustre—making of the chasm and cataract a glorious and gorgeous temple."

**MAJOR D. W. STEVENSON.**—Major Stevenson, of Knock-bran Londonderry and Portlemon, Westmeath, Ireland, was born in 1855. He visits Canada as the Northern Irish Agricultural delegate to the Dominion. In the North of Ireland the Major is well known in connection with industrial matters, as well as with agriculture, and his efforts to promote Irish industries, both manufactures and fisheries, have endeared him to his fellow-countrymen. As a member of the colonial federation party and a fair trader, the Major is also well known in England, his voice and pen being always at the disposal of those he considers in the right.

**E. R. MURPHY, Esq.**—Mr. E. R. Murphy, of "The Verries," Tralee, the Southern Irish Agricultural delegate, is an extensive dairy farmer and cattle-breeder, and he has shown close attention to that class of industry during his sojourn in this country. Mr. Murphy, though comparatively a young man, occupies no small share of public honour in the old country. He is, and has been for six years past, Chairman of the Tralee Board of Guardians, consisting of 84 members. He is Town Commissioner for Tralee, and is one of the twelve members forming "The Tralee and Fenit Pier and Harbour Commissioners," a body that has lately expended £160,000 in pier and railway construction. His popularity has extended to this country, where he has had a most enthusiastic reception from his fellow-countrymen all through his long journeying.

**OTTAWA COLLEGE AND TORONTO FOOTBALL CLUBS.**—This week our readers are presented with the photographs of the Ottawa College and Toronto Football clubs. Both of these teams have done good work during the season just closed, and are among the best exponents of the game in the country. Ottawa College have not been defeated for several years, and up to last year held the championship of the Dominion. At that time it became inconvenient for the collegians to do the amount of travel necessary to defend the championship, and they resigned from the Ontario Rugby union. Since that time several challenge matches have been played; but the collegians have never been actually defeated, the nearest approach to it being the drawn match played with the Montreal club on Thanksgiving day.

### The Very Rev. Æneas McDonell Dawson, Honorary V.G., of Alexandria, LL.D., Docteur ès Lettres (Laval), F.R.S.C.

Many of our readers are doubtless aware that on St. Andrew's Day a numerously signed testimonial was presented to the Very Rev. Æneas McDonell Dawson, Doctor of Letters, etc., of Ottawa, on the occasion of his attaining his 80th birthday. We are happy in being able to present them in this issue with an excellent portrait of that venerable clergyman and distinguished writer. The number and character of the contributors to the testimonial, not in Ottawa only, but in all parts of the Dominion, bore witness to the esteem and affection which Father Dawson's moral and intellectual qualities and genial nature had won for him wherever he is known. The Very Rev. Principal Grant, of Queen's University, Kingston, gave expression to the sentiments of all who had the pleasure of Dr. Dawson's acquaintance when, in a letter to Mr. McLeod Stewart, he said: "Every one who knows the good man will feel honoured in adding a leaf to his chaplet. I send mine because he is Scotch and Canadian; orator and scholar; a son of Queen's and a Father of the Church universal." Such testimony to his worth could be multiplied. Lord Lansdowne, in acknowledging a graceful poetical tribute to the rare ability and judgment with which His Lordship maintained the high traditions of his family, after a characteristically modest disclaimer of such great deserts ("Vix ea nostra voco"), said that Dr. Dawson's "admirable lines" would "form one of the most interesting records" of his term of office in Canada. Father Dawson was born at Redhaven, Scotland, in July, 1810. He learned the classics at the select Grammar School, of Portsoy, Banffshire, and went, at the age of sixteen, for ecclesiastical studies, to the Archiepiscopal Seminary of Paris, where he remained till the Revolution of 1830, and to which he returned at a later date. He continued his studies at the Benedictine College, Douai. In 1834 and 1835 he read theology at St. Mary's College, Blairs, Scotland, with the late venerable president, the Rev. John Sharpe. He was ordained on the 2nd April, 1835, and at once appointed assistant priest in the important Mission of Dumfries, which he served until 1840, when he was transferred to the Edinburgh missions. In those missions he officiated till 1852, when he obtained leave to come to Canada, to which country he was invited by the late Hon. and Right Rev. Alex. McDonell, Bishop of Kingston. He arrived in the land which was destined to be his future home, in the autumn of 1854, having previously, while preparing for the change, assisted the lamented Bishop Grant in the Southwark missions, preaching pretty often in St. George's Church. On reaching Ottawa Father Dawson was appointed to the charge of Upper Town, as the part of the city on the left bank of the Rideau was then called. When in office there he enlarged and improved the small church in use at the time. After some six years he was invited to officiate at the Cathedral, and was appointed chaplain to the forces, a position which he retained till they were with

drawn. He was then nominated parish priest of Osgoode. For some time Father Dawson has retired from the discharge of the more severe duties of the missions, and officiates only at the Convent Chapel on Gloucester street. This is the merest outline of a career which has been associated with some of the greatest events of our time in the Old World, and with the most important stages in Canada's development for nearly fifty years. There are many points of interest in Dr. Dawson's life to which we would gladly refer if our space permitted. Let us hope that the venerable Vicar-General will, in justice to himself and his many friends, put on record, in his own scholarly and lucid style, the chances and changes of his eighty years, his recollections of distinguished personages whom he has known, and of noteworthy events in which he has directly or indirectly shared. The conception of a testimonial to the venerable priest and man of letters, to mark the esteem in which he was held, originated, we believe, in the generous heart of Mr. McLeod Stewart. It met with the enthusiastic concurrence of all who knew Dr. Dawson personally or by reputation. St. Andrew's Day was fitly selected as the date for the presentation. The gathering, which took place in the Council Chamber of the City Hall, was representative of every race and creed, clergy and laity, the professional and business classes of the Capital. Among those present were the Rev. Canon Campeau, administrator of the Archdiocese of Ottawa, the Rev. Fathers Nolin, Langevin, Chaborel and Forget, Rev. W. T. Herridge (St. Andrew's), Rev. J. J. Bogert (St. Alban's), Rev. W. Scott (Dominion Methodist), Rev. F. W. Farries (Knox Church), Mr. McLeod Stewart, President of the St. Andrew's Society, and Mrs. Stewart, Hon. Justice Taschereau, of the Supreme Court, and Miss Taschereau, Sandford Fleming, C.M.G., Chancellor of Queen's University, Sir James Grant, K.C.M.G., Colonel Lay, United States Consul-General, and Mrs. Lay, R. Sedgewick, Q.C., Deputy Minister of Justice, A. M. Burgess, Deputy Minister of the Interior, Lieut.-Col. White, Deputy Postmaster-General, Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Morgan, Dr. Sweetland, Sheriff of Carleton, Marcus Smith, C.E., Andrew Drummond, ex-Mayor McDougal, Dr. R. J. and Miss Wicksteed, and a large number of others.

Mr. McLeod Stewart occupied the chair, Mr. Sandford Fleming, C.M.G., standing at his left. After stating the object of the meeting and reminding Dr. Dawson that he had known him from his (the chairman's) boyhood, Mr. Stewart announced that he had a very welcome preliminary duty to discharge. He then read a letter from the Right Rev. Alexander Macdonell, Bishop of Alexandria, in which, in recognition of Father Dawson's eminent services to religion and literature, His Lordship appointed him an honorary Vicar-General of his diocese. The chairman then read the address, in which the new Vicar-General's long, blameless and most useful life, his fifty-six years' service as a priest, his patriotism and loyalty, his learning and voluminous writings in prose and verse, were worthily commemorated. Mr. A. F. McIntyre, on behalf of the ladies of the Convent of Notre Dame, then read an address of felicitation (including an acrostic in verse from one of the pupils), and presented Father Dawson with a portrait of himself. It then fell to the venerable octogenarian to reply, and he did so in his usual happy vein of courtesy, modesty and gentle humour. Referring to his efforts, at a time when few had thought of the subject, he recalled the offer of Mr. Wm. Dawson, M.P., for Three Rivers, to build a railway in the North-West, with Baron Rothschild's backing. The same spirit which had actuated Dr. Dawson in those now distant years to promote the union of Canada from ocean to ocean, now made him share in the aspirations for the still grander federation that would include the whole British Empire. Dr. Sandford Fleming extended to his venerable friend the cordial greeting of Queen's University, of which he is Chancellor, and Dr. Dawson caused some amusement by the earnestness with which he declined to apply any exclusive religious qualification to that most unsectarian of seats of learning. During the delivery of the addresses and the reply, the audience applauded again and again, and when Dr. Dawson concluded his remarks they all gathered around him to shake hands and wish him many happy years.

The purse presented to Vicar-General Dawson contained \$400, and the accompanying set of furs cost \$180. The list of Dr. Dawson's works is a long one, and the publication of the earliest of them antedates the appearance on this planet of most of our readers. His *début* as an author was made fifty years ago, when his "Maitre Pierre," from the French of M. Delcassot, was printed at Paris. In 1838 it was brought out in Liverpool. Another essay in translation was "The Parish Priest and his Parishioners," from the original of M. B. d'Exanville (Glasgow, 1842). His subsequent works are: "The Pope Considered in His Relations with the Church, etc.," from the French of Count Joseph de Maistre, London, 1850; "Letters to a Russian Gentleman," from the French of the same distinguished writer; "The Temporal Sovereignty of the Pope in Relation to the State of Italy," London and Ottawa, 1860; "St. Vincent de Paul" (a lecture), London, 1865; "Pius the Ninth and His Time," London, 1880; "The Catholics of Scotland, from 1593, etc., till the death of Bishop Carruthers in 1852," London, Ont., 1890. These constitute Dr. Dawson's contributions to ecclesiastical history and polemical literature. Every one of these volumes was well received. "The Life of Pius the Ninth" was pronounced by a high Catholic authority to be the best biography of that pontiff yet written; the works on "The Temporal Sovereignty" were highly commended for their clearness, close-

ness of argument and moderation of tone; of the "Catholics of Scotland" we hope to speak more at length. It is, however, with Dr. Dawson's poetical and critical writings and his essays on Canadian subjects that the general reader is naturally most concerned. In 1870 appeared his "Miscellaneous Essays," which comprised (*inter alia*) a series of letters in reply to the views of Prof. Goldwin Smith and Lord Sherbrooke (Mr. Robert Lowe) on colonial questions; essays on the history and development of the North-West Territories and on Canadian poets and an oration on the death of the Hon. D'Arcy McGee. In 1882 he brought out a poem "The Last Defender of Jerusalem;" in 1883, "Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra," appeared, and in 1886 a volume containing "Dominion Day," "Caractacus," "Malcolm and Margaret," and other poems. Most of these were primarily read before the Royal Society, of which Dr. Dawson is one of the original members. They reveal imagination, taste and scholarship, and have been much admired by critics of undoubted standing. In concluding this inadequate review of the Very Rev. Dr. Dawson's long life and distinguished services as a priest, a citizen and an author, we would ask the privilege of adding our congratulations and good wishes to those of the host of friends, of every creed and nationality, who were proud to do him honour on his 80th birthday. We hope that he may long be spared to those who esteem and love him.

### Mr. Douglas Sladen's Poem, "God Save Canada."

As printed in our Christmas Supplement, Mr. Sladen's song, "God Save Canada," had been altered from the original. At Mr. Sladen's request, we now publish it in its original form:

#### GOD SAVE CANADA.

*Imperium in Imperio.*

To the Air of "God Save the Queen."

Beneath our Northern skies  
Behold a nation rise  
Born of two foes;  
Destined, as Earth grows old,  
Glory and power to hold,  
As do those rivals bold,  
LILY and ROSE.

God reared the lonely child,  
Bred in the frost and wild,  
For some great end;  
Forest and waste untracked,  
Snow-deep and cataract,  
Passes with glaciers packed,  
Made her their friend.

Exiles for England's sake  
Loved she, and bade them take  
Half she possessed;  
And, when the foeman came  
Brandishing sword and flame,  
Hurled him with wounds and shame  
Back from her breast.

Direly he felt thine arm,  
Belle France, at Chrystler's Farm  
And Chateauguay.  
And on the lofty shores,  
Where vast Niagara roars,  
Learned how the Lion gores,  
Standing at bay.

God save our Canada,  
Long live our Canada,  
Loyal, tho' free!  
Steering her own stout helm,  
No storm shall overwhelm  
"A REALM WITHIN A REALM"  
THAT RULES THE SEA.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

### Niagara in Winter.

(See Engraving.)

Nor similes nor metaphors avail!  
All imagery vanishes, device  
Dies in thy presence, wondrous dream of ice!  
Ice-bound I stand, my face is pinched and pale,  
Before such awful majesty I fail,  
Sink low on this snow-lichened slab of gneiss,  
Shut out the gleaming mass that can entice,  
Enchain, enchant, but in whose light I quail.  
While I from under frozen lashes peer,  
My thoughts fly back and take a homeward course.  
How dear to dwell in sweet placidity,  
Instead of these colossal crystals see  
The slender icicles of some fairy "force"  
And break the film upon an English mere!

S. FRANCES HARRISON (Seranus).

In "Pine, Rose and Fleur de Lis."

It is said that Elizabeth Stuart Phelps commands and gets higher prices for her work than any literary woman, and he did not except Mrs. Burnett, either. "Her income may not be as large as that of Mrs. Burnett, but her individual prices are as high, if not higher," said my informant.





OUATCHOWAN RIVER BELOW THE FALLS.

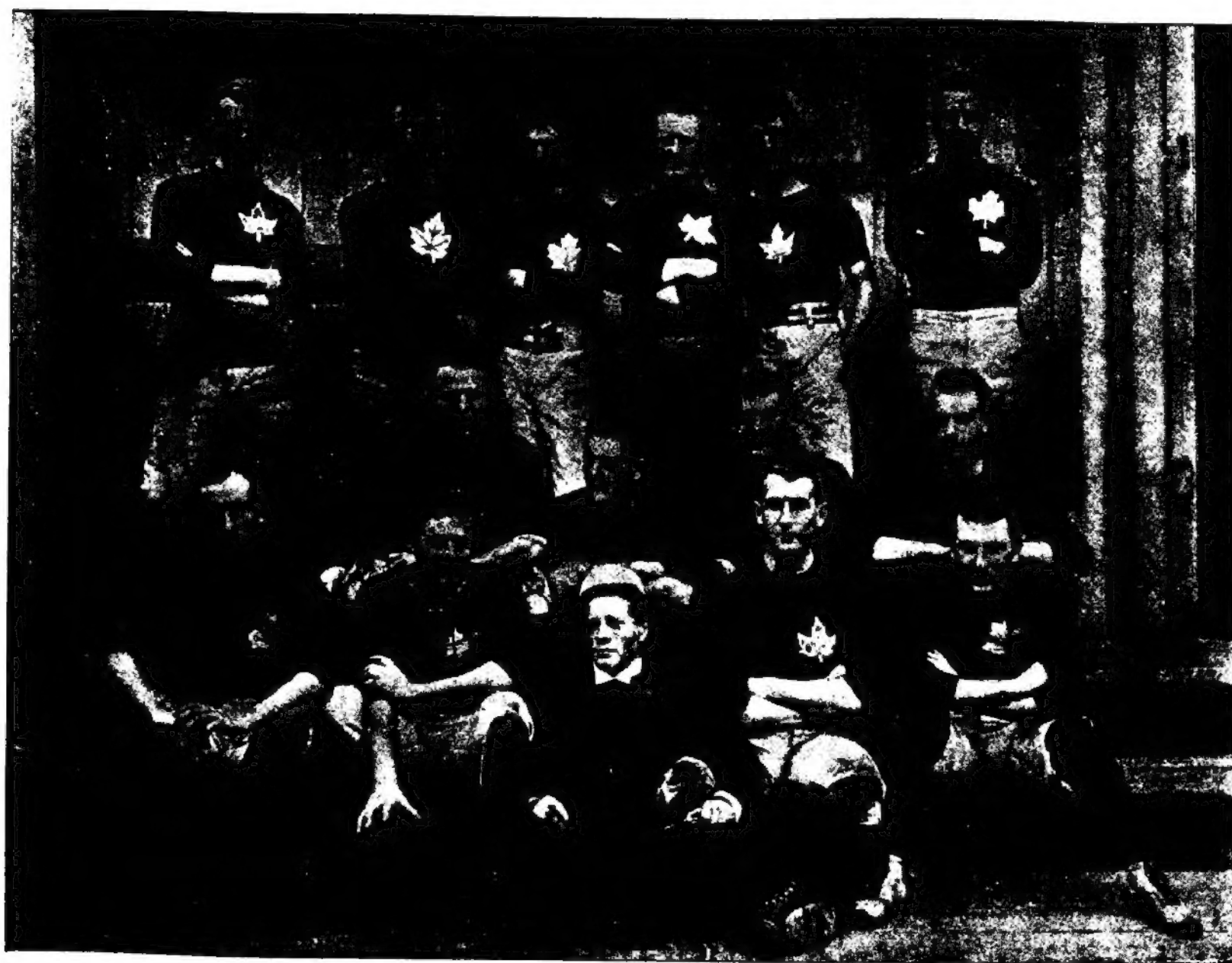


HOTEL AND STATION AT LAKE EDWARD.  
SCENES IN THE LAKE ST. JOHN DISTRICT.  
(Mr. H. Laurie, Amateur photo.)





FIRST FIFTEEN OF OTTAWA UNIVERSITY FOOTBALL CLUB.



FIRST FIFTEEN OF TORONTO FOOTBALL CLUB.  
CANADIAN RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAMS





BY BLANCHE J. MACDONNELL

## CHAPTER V.—Continued.

The women gathered, morning and evening, about the wells, enjoying the opportunity for a gossip, their tongues running as quickly as the water, and their whole bodies ailing with an endless variety of appropriate gestures. The men, with an excitable vivacity that never diminished, held choleric arguments or repeated marvellous stories. They tapped their foreheads, clasped their hands, clutched impetuously at perukes that presented a wonderful impunity from permitting themselves to become disarranged. They discussed how Jean Louis had strained his left arm and fallen under the power of the sorcerer. Mère Bouillette had been tormented by the *lutin* in the shape of the will o' the wisp; how it was feared Georgian and his fifty wolves, invisible when hunted by honest men, were driving about the colts at night, and the good Mère Berbier had presented Madelon with a blessed *scapulaire* as a charm against fever. With bated breath they whispered of that dreaded scourge, the Iroquois; then, with tears still glistening in their eyes, they, at some careless jest, broke out into merry laughter. The rigor of the climate prevented indulgence in that pleasant outdoor life in which the French peasants delighted, but as soon as the late, northern spring triumphed over winter and the air grew soft and balmy, the natural instinct reasserted itself.

To the east of the town, where Viger Square now lies, stretched a swampy marsh, where the bulrushes raised their tall heads and the stately purple iris bloomed in profusion and the long-drawn cry of the water fowl echoed through the stillness in melancholy cadence. Back of the settlement, parallel with Notre Dame street, with a mimic rush and roar, a stream babbled between its green banks. Between this and Notre Dame street, far removed from noise and bustle, lay the quiet cemetery, where many a brave heart slept quietly after "life's fitful fever." Some distance away to the left, nestling at the foot of Mount Royal, was situated the Mission village, established by St. Sulpice, for the Christianized Indians. It was dominated by two round stone towers, which afforded considerable protection to the colony, and a few French soldiers were always stationed there. Near at hand, in winter, half buried by peaked drifts and massive banks of snow, was the shrine of Notre Dame des Neiges. Open to attack on all sides, Ville Marie was not fortified; all the defence it had was a simple palisade with bastions in very indifferent condition. Often reaching the limits of human possibility in suffering for many hard and bitter years, enduring all the pangs of mortal trouble, the small community still contrived to exist. In the unsettled and variable condition, naturally resulting from the trials through which the colony was passing, the clerical influence always maintained a certain solidity of aim to the settlement which they had originated and in which they were certainly the ruling power.

Opposite the city, on the south shore, from La Prairie to Longueuil, extended the fief acquired by the gallant Charles Le Moyne, who, notwithstanding the conditions of painful change and fluctuation that attended the fortunes of the colony, had contrived to gain, both in rank and wealth. His son, the Baron de Longueuil, was now commandant at Longueuil. The stone fort, flanked by four strong towers, resembled a French château fortified. A church and various substantial buildings clustered around it, and the grandson of the innkeeper of Dieppe reigned like a feudal noble over his thirty servants and retainers. Between the city and Longueuil, St. Hélène's lovely isle rose with gently wooded slopes and sunlit glades. Opposite La Salle's Seigneurie, at Lachine, was Sault St. Louis, an Indian mission station. Around, on all sides, stretched the silent, impenetrable forest, always full of lurking and hidden perils.

## CHAPTER VI.

"What simple things be these the soul to raise,  
To bounding joy and make young pulses beat;  
With nameless pleasure, finding life so sweet."

—E. LAZARUS.

Ville Marie was all astir with beating of drums and ringing of bells. The whole colony was inspired by the wildest exhilaration.

Canada had lately been reduced to the last extremity. It seemed as though whatever might be the dire necessity, the struggling, suffering settlers, by sheer force of will, always found strength and fortitude to endure. The existence of New France depended upon the fur trade, and now, for nearly three years, the Iroquois had contrived to block up the main artery of Canada, the River Ottawa, stopping the country's life blood. The annual supply of beaver skins had been prevented from passing, and the colony, compelled to live on credit, had been reduced to extreme distress. The preceding winter the need had been so pressing

that the authorities had been forced to distribute the soldiers among the *habitants* to be fed. The return of the Count de Frontenac had recently inspired the Canadians with fresh hope and courage. The Governor-General happened to be at Ville Marie when a messenger arrived in hot haste with the startling information that Lake St. Louis was covered with canoes. An Iroquois invasion was the natural conclusion, and the consternation was universal. Cannon were fired to call in the troops from the detached posts, the churches were thronged by trembling and excited women, the steady march of trained soldiers resounded through the street. Then the alarm was swiftly changed to frantic joy by the arrival of a later scout to announce that the newcomers were not foes but friends. Louvigny and Perrot, the envoys sent to the Indians in the spring by the Governor-General, their persuasions emphasized by the news of the late victory on the Ottawa and the capture of Schnectady, had successfully accomplished their mission. Despairing of an English market for their skins the savages had come, as of old, to seek one from the French. Two hundred canoes had arrived laden with the coveted articles of merchandize, which had been accumulating at Michillimackinac. While three years of arrested sustenance came down from the Lakes, a French fleet, freighted with soldiers and supplies, sailed up the St. Lawrence. A sudden stroke changed mourning and apprehension into delight. Almost bewildered with the sweetness of relief, men cheered and shouted, women laughed hysterically, and as they looked into each other's eyes they realized how terrible had been the strain through which they had recently passed.

The savages fired their guns as they drew near, and the deep, continuous roar of cannon from Ville Marie greeted them as they landed before the town. Woods, waves and hills resounded with the thunder of artillery. A great quantity of evergreen boughs had been gathered for the use of the Red Skins, and of this they constructed their wigwams outside the palisades.

Inspired by the universal hilarity, Diane and Lydia Longlois, attended by Le Ber du Chêne, the Chevalier de Crisasi and the Sieur d'Ardieux, started to attend the council, which always preceded the great fair. Nanon, thoroughly enjoying the occasion, walked behind her mistress. Her broad, shrewd face beamed, her expressive mouth was screwed to the dimensions of a button-hole, her long earrings twinkled as she moved. Nothing escaped the notice of her quick eye or the comment of her ready tongue.

"It's well said that noble blood never lies. Voila! our little partridge holds up her head with the best. Beautiful to a marvel and not without wit and expression either. This other, at her side is but a poor spindle of a creature. It's an *officier bleu*, no less, or some great noble at the court of His Majesty, should claim our demoiselle for his bride."

Diane's gown of heavy, coffee coloured brocade had a train, which gently swaying behind her, not dragging but caught up gracefully and drawn through both pocket holes, displaying the laced under-skirt and pretty shoes upon which the jewelled buckles twinkled. The corsage was long waisted and close fitting, frills of lace hung from the sleeves, a fine muslin handkerchief was crossed over the bosom and fastened by a breast knot under the dainty chin. On her right hand and on her left walked the Chevalier de Crisasi and Sieur d'Ardieux. The first was a remarkably elegant and distinguished looking man. The thin, dark face within the frame of curling hair was somewhat languid and supercilious, the melancholy eyes almost oriental in their depth and intensity of expression. The Marquis de Crisasi and his brother the Chevalier were Sicilian noblemen, who had compromised themselves by taking the part of France against Spain. Their immense possessions had been confiscated, and suddenly precipitated from the highest pinnacle of brilliant success to bitter adversity, these gentlemen had been sent out to Canada in command of troops. The favor of the Court was not a reliable dependence. The Marquis had been appointed Governor of Three Rivers, and the Chevalier, who was regarded by his contemporaries as a model of every knightly accomplishment, neglected and forsaken by his courtly friends, still awaited those marks of royal favor which he was destined never to receive.

The Sieur d'Ardieux was a small man, who used such high-heeled shoes that he seemed to be walking upon stilts. He wore a long, black wig, powdered and curled in front. He was always steeped in perfumes, decked like a woman, with ribbons wherever he could hang them, glittering with rings, bracelets and jewels. He was a common type of the men who strolled in the gardens of the Tuileries or the galleries of Versailles, pulling strings which set cardboard toys—the *pantins*—in motion, embroidering at woman's frames in woman's salons, gambling away body and soul at the receptions of Court beauties, fighting bloody duels at

Longchamps. Yet it must be remembered that when receiving their baptism of fire in the New Country, when confronted by novel necessities and real perils the high heads remained dauntless and dignified; the reckless triflers, the graceless spendthrifts, mostly always showed themselves brave men and gallant gentlemen. D'Ardieux chattered volubly. His conversation related exclusively to his own interests. The delights of Court life, the injuries and indignities which his own relatives had inflicted upon him, the grandeur of his own expectations. The Chevalier walked in stately silence. With the throb and spring of eagerness in one's veins, the leap of strength and life and hope in the heart, Discretion may appear but a pale phantom. The Chevalier's doleful glances inspired Diane with a teasing wish to torment him to the utmost, consequently her brightest smiles encouraged the loquacious youth whose outrageous vanity in truth required no stimulus.

"*Mesricorde!* but these men are fools," soliloquized Nanon. "This little turkey believes that the world was created for him to strut in, and the poor, good, jealous Chevalier never guesses that it is for the sake of the son of the *épicière* that our Demoiselle plays the coquette. He is furiously displeased, that one, he makes such sighs and has grown as thin as a nail. Comment! But it is inconceivable that the Sieur Du Chêne should perceive nothing."

The sunshine irradiated Du Chêne's face. He was beaming with frankness, friendliness and cordiality. Youth, health and contentment, all were his, and his heart was warm to his fellow men. Slender, graceful and elegantly made, he wore a new coat of crimson, bordered with a gold band, in a fashion then called *à la bourgogne*. His handsome young face was shaded by a large musqueteer hat of felt, in which a freshly curled white plume waved gaily. The long moustache curved jauntily above his smiling mouth. The black silk stockings displayed the symmetry of his limbs to perfection. It was a costume not unworthy a young man's vanity. De Crisasi and d'Ardieux both wore swords, that rattled at every step. The knowledge that his favourite son was debarré from this right always caused Le Ber a poignant pang.

Lydia walked demurely at the young Canadian's side; her fresh, sleepy-eyed face, her cheeks tinged with excited colour, standing out in bewitching contrast to the flaxen hair. The neat dress of dark camlet, with its snowy frills and "pinners," which had been her Puritan raiment, had been exchanged for an imitation of Diane's costume. Her very awkwardness was charming, and made her seem the very essence of sweet loveableness and pathetic ignorance. She was attractive with that undefinable charm, beguiling and upsetting, that belongs to certain women, a magnetic quality not depending upon faultlessness of physical beauty, grace or talent.

"I dread the savages. The regard of one of those painted monsters renders me faint and ill," the girl whispered. Every glance had a glamor of magic; there was a touch of pathos in her pensive youthfulness.

"But you have nothing to fear, my little one, with Du Chêne at your side. Leave her not, even for an instant, my friend," implored Diane earnestly.

Lydia reddened to her very throat, then turning around flashed upon the young man an odd, piteous glance that startled him. Her naïveté was as novel as her beauty; a very child, with her ready blushes and pettish, lovely face, she carried herself with an air of affected, transparent indifference. She was so petulant that Du Chêne was puzzled and interested, and found his charge extremely interesting. When later, Diane finding herself at his side, whispered some grateful word of acknowledgment for his consideration, he shook his head and laughed in a gratified sort of way, and then turned from the subject with the careless ease which was one of his characteristics.

On a common, between St. Paul street and the river, a large oblong space was marked out and enclosed by a fence of branches. Dappled with sun and shade, the forest encroaching on its borders, it was here that the council, upon which so much depended, was held. Some of the Indians had gathered from a distance of fully two hundred miles. Hurons and Ottawas from Michillimackinac, Ojibawas from Lake Superior, Crees from the remote north, Pottawatamies from Lake Michigan, Mascoutins, Foxes, Winnebagoes and Menomines from Wisconsin, Miamis from St. Joseph, Illinois from River Illinois, Abenakis from Acadia, and many allied tribes of less account. Their features were different, so were their manners, their weapons, their decorations, their dances. They sang and whooped and harangued. Each savage was painted with divers hues and patterns, and each appeared in his dress of ceremony, leather shirts, fringed with scalp locks, coloured blankets, robes of bison hides or beaver skin, bristling crests of hair or long, lank tresses, eagle feathers or skins of beasts. A young Algonquin warrior, dressed like a Canadian, was crowned with a drooping scarlet feather and a tall ridge of hair, like the crest of a cock. A chief of the Foxes, whose face was painted red, wore an old French wig, with its abundant curls in a state of complete entanglement. He persisted in bowing right and left with great affability, lifting his wig like a hat, to show that he was perfect in French politeness. The Indians, painted, greased and befeathered, were seated on the grass around the plain—chiefs, sachems and braves—gravely smoking their pipes in silence. Troops were drawn up in line along the sides. At one end of the enclosure was a canopy of boughs and leaves, under which were seats for spectators, occupied by ladies, officials and the principal citizens of Ville Marie. In front was placed a seat for the Governor-General.

(To be continued.)





SCENES AFTER THE FATAL ACCIDENT ON THE I. C. R. NEAR LEVIS, 18th DECEMBER.



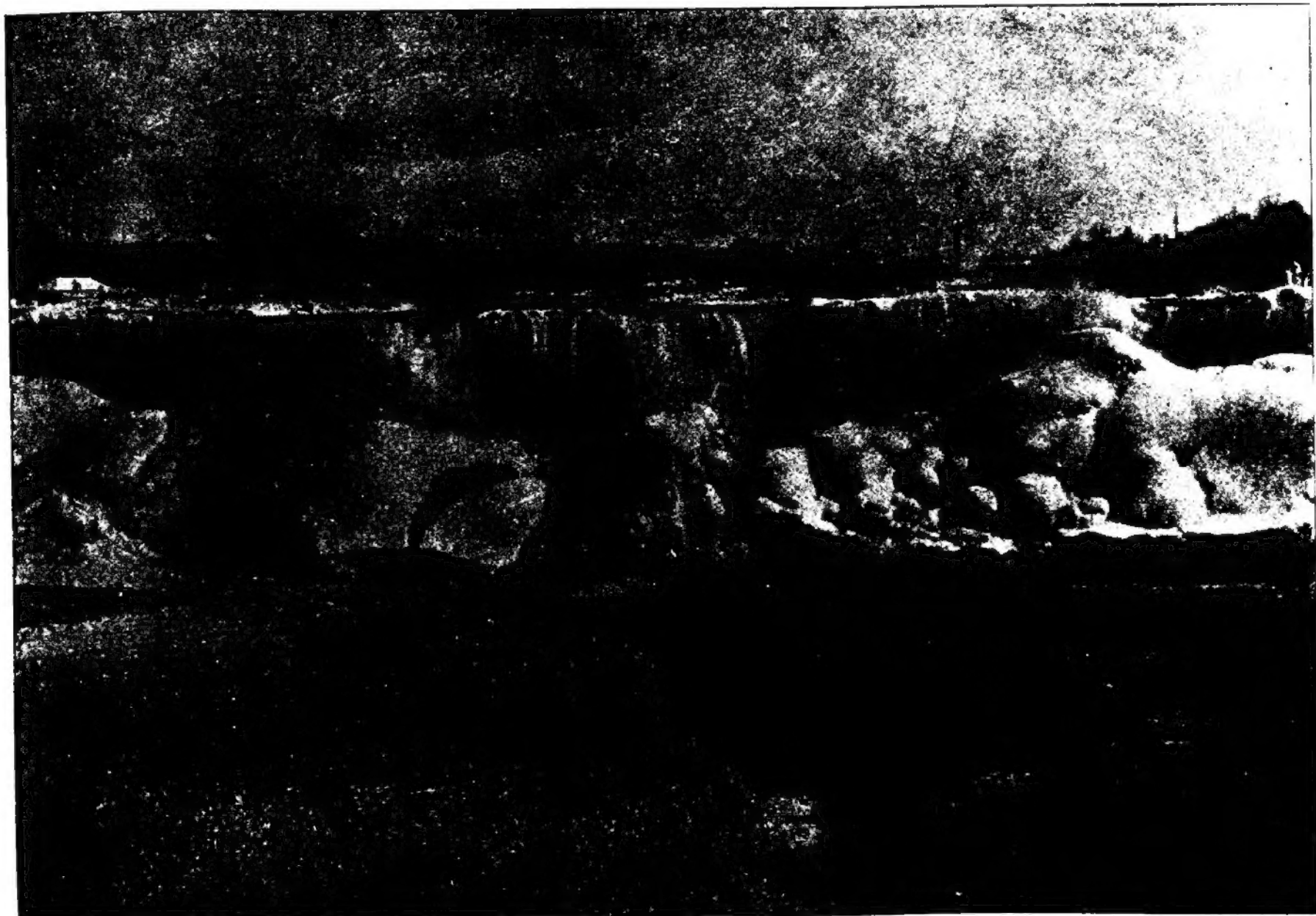


"INSTRUCTION."

(From the painting by E. Munier.)

(Photo supplied by G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.)





THE FALLS OF NIAGARA IN WINTER.  
(Messrs J Zybach & Co , photo.)



NEW ORCHARD BEACH, NEAR PORT STANLEY, ONT.



## A CHRISTMAS IN A CAIRO HOSPITAL.

BY A CANADIAN SOLDIER OF THE EGYPTIAN  
EXPEDITIONARY FORCE OF 1882.

The consciousness of a debt of gratitude of long standing to a noble lady, who, with her husband, won golden opinions from all classes of society during their stay in Canada some years ago, prompts the writer to pen the following lines. None the less also does he incline to the opinion that an omission to make public in detail the facts he now describes, notwithstanding the present lateness of the day, would be a lack of duty towards his fellow-countrymen, who, whatever their peculiarities or failings, are, he is confident, always pleased to learn of kindnesses bestowed upon any of their number, when abroad among strangers, and at a distance from their native land. How much more does this become the case when the benefactor is no less a personage than the Marchioness (then the Countess) of Dufferin, a lady whose name, even yet, from one end of Canada to the other, is a household word for all that is lady-like, gentle and good; and the benefited young Canadian, then serving the Empire with the Army of Egypt, who, simply because he was a Canadian, was the recipient of marked kindnesses at the hands of Her Ladyship and her daughter, then the Lady Helen Blackwood.

After the cessation of hostilities in Egypt, in September, 1882, the British Army there was much reduced, only about half of the force being retained as an Army of Occupation, the remainder being drafted to England, India, Malta, and other stations. Still, at the time of which I write, we had something over 10,000 men in Egypt, by far the greater portion of which were quartered in Cairo, where the corps in which I served was also stationed.

During the short and sharp campaign of August and September, the troops had suffered comparatively little from serious illness, but early in October enteric fever set in, and the large hospitals of Abbasseh, Gezireh and the Citadel were soon taxed to their utmost capacity to provide accommodation and treatment for the ever increasing number of patients. The corps to which the writer belonged had suffered little since leaving England, but in the beginning of November we caught the fever, and several of our members were sent to hospital. In the last weeks of November the writer, who up to that time had enjoyed excellent health, was stricken with the prevailing malady, and, after vainly fighting against its early attacks for a few days, during which time he was generously exempted from duty, was finally obliged to report himself sick for hospital. Our corps was quartered at Kasr-el-Nil, a large and commodious barracks on the Cairo bank of the Nile, in company with the 42nd and 74th Highlanders, and as he was the nearest medical officer at the time, I reported myself to the surgeon of the former regiment, who, after examination, pronounced me a case for the hospital. An ambulance waggon belonging to the Egyptian army was in waiting, and, in company with two others, I was assisted into it by the non-commissioned officer in charge, a corporal of the Commissariat and transport corps. Our destination was Gezireh. The drive was not far, but quite long enough for persons in our condition. Faint and sick with the fever and momentarily becoming weaker through the jolting of the rough ambulance, I at length found myself among the hospital tents at Gezireh, and was glad to descend from the vehicle as well as I could and throw myself on the grass, which, though it was then December, flourished as it does in Canada in June, whilst we awaited the coming of the surgeon on duty to inspect and receive us over from the non-commissioned officer who had escorted the party from Kasr-el-Nil. I felt pleased at the change; it seemed good to get out again in the open air after our experience of the heated barrack room, and the tents, with their beds of bamboo, looked very inviting and comfortable. In a few moments we had been told off to our several quarters, and I found myself, in company with three others, all Highlanders, assigned to a large marquee tent, very commodious and comfortable. The hospital orderly assisted me to undress, for I was very faint and feverish, and after urging him, as a good fellow, to see my kit-bag brought safely to my quarters, I gave myself up to memories and thoughts such as a sick man is prone to. I felt rather despondent at leaving my corps and comrades, and being now dependent, as it were, upon a corps, which, if we combatant or "fighting" soldiers did not exactly look down upon, we by no means looked up to. This though without any imputations on the army hospital corps I felt quite mean at being, in a sense laid upon the shelf, and that I was now more of a drone in the army hive than a worker. However, here I was, down with the fever, having alternate chills and flushes, feeling very miserable and indifferent, and, for the time at least, not imbued with much interest in our army or its doings.

Gezireh was pleasant enough, though the tents were very cold at night time, so cold one would scarcely believe he was in Egypt, and owing to the great mortality which had occurred in the Highland Brigade during its stay on this same camping ground, on the first arrival of our army in Cairo, we were all much pleased when, a few days after our reception, we were told by one of the hospital sergeants that the worst cases were to be moved as soon as possible to the large hospital at the Citadel, and that those who would be selected by the surgeon that afternoon were to go at once. I was one of those selected, and underwent another trip of torture in the rickety old Egyptian ambulance. From Gezireh to our new abode was about four miles, over roads none too smooth, and it is with a very vivid recollection of my misery that I recall that drive. Still, I was

pleased to go the Citadel; it was the main hospital of our army, and we had heard that we would be comfortably housed and cared for; moreover, a corps of nursing Sisters had arrived out from Netley to look after the worst cases. The first pleasant impressions of Gezireh had been rudely dispelled by the experience of the cold night air, which the tents seemed quite inadequate to exclude, and it was with the most favourable ones that we passed through the historic gateway of the fortress of Sultan Saladin; through the court, the scene of the terrible massacre of the Mamelukes, and on through more gateways and a garden, with a fountain playing, until we found ourselves at the front entrance of a large commodious looking building, which, on alighting, and while awaiting the medical officer, we were informed by a soldier at the door, was the Palace of the Citadel, now used as the main hospital of our army, and in which upwards of 800 patients were undergoing treatment. The ride and the excitement of the moving had, in a measure, livened me up, but I was still so faint that, in endeavouring to mount the staircase leading to the fever wards above, I swooned, and would have fallen but for an hospital orderly near by. The surgeon noting this, at once directed that I be put to bed and attended to. I remember being taken in a large room which seemed full of beds, with pale, washed-out looking occupants, and being tucked away in a little iron bed cot, similar to that used in the barracks in England, by a sturdy kind-hearted fellow of the hospital corps. Of the remainder of that afternoon I have but little recollection, except a hazy vision of a blue-coated orderly coming occasionally with cool iced cloths for my forehead, or cooling drinks of lime water. The next day passed as indistinctly, but I have a vivid recollection of the surgeon's visit on the following evening. He was a handsome young officer of about 25 or so, Dr. Turner by name, and was fated, poor fellow, to die of fever away up the Nile on the subsequent ill-fated expedition to relieve General Gordon. I can remember him so well taking my temperature and feeling my pulse, and then telling me in very serious tones that he thought it right to inform me that he feared I would not live till morning. I recollect so well, after hearing him caution the attendant orderly to call him upon any change taking place, and when he had gone, how I tried to realize that I was really dying. I thought his words over in a confused sort of way, but somehow they did not seem to alarm me so much—I did not seem to feel very much concerned, and yet I might be dead before morning—so he said; but though I cogitated long into the night in a confused sort of way, I felt that I was not going to die just then, and that somehow I would pull through. I thought of Canada and home, and many things, but all in a sort of dreamy, muddled fashion; nothing seemed to impress me, and I once felt frightened to think that I was so indifferent to all that previously had seemed of such a serious nature and worthy of consideration. The following morning, on coming to my cot, the surgeon remarked that "I was a tough little fellow," and that he now had hopes of pulling me through, as he considered the crisis was past. That day I felt better, cheered and revived, no doubt, by his words, and was able to take note of surroundings which, until then, had utterly failed to interest me. I found I was lying in the centre of a large stone-floored room, which had been cleared of everything in the way of furniture, and cots placed around the sides and ends, with another row of the same down the centre, about 50 in all. The room was lofty, had large windows, and was decorated with paintings of landscape, scenery, &c., on the walls; cut-glass chandeliers hung equidistant from each end, and the room evidently had been intended for something other than an hospital. I learnt afterwards it was one of the reception and ball-rooms of the Palace. Surgeons and orderlies passed through going to other wards beyond; bare-footed Arabs, employed in the more menial work of the hospital, came and went, and now and then a nursing Sister, in plain but neat dress, glided noiselessly past. All went on quietly, regularly and systematically, and I could not but contrast the difference between what appeared to prevail now and when I first visited the Citadel, immediately after the occupation of Cairo by our army after Tel-el-Kebir. Then the sick had no beds, but lay in their uniforms indiscriminately on the floor in hundreds. Fever, dysentery and ophthalmia were then the most prevalent diseases, and so numerous were the cases that even in the Citadel, where, at the time of which I write, there were over 800 patients, sufficient room could not be found for them, and as fast as those able to bear the journey could be conveyed away, they were shipped by train to Alexandria to be transferred to Cyprus or Malta, where invalid hospitals had been established.

To return, however, to myself. The day on which I had begun to mend was an exceedingly warm one, though it was the 9th of December. Early in the afternoon I had fallen into a doze, more or less sound, when I was awakened by hearing a very sweet voice, in accents quite new and unknown to me, ask me if I should like a paper. On opening my eyes I was much surprised to see a very beautiful young lady in white standing at my bedside and holding in her hand a newspaper, which, if I recollect aright, was a copy of the *Toronto Mail*. I was thunderstruck at the vision, and completely non-plussed when my visitor continued, "I am so sorry, but it is the only one I have left, and it is 'an American one too.'" I replied, as well as my feebleness and surprise would permit, "So much the better. I 'would like to see an American paper.'" "Oh, indeed, I 'am so glad then, for I did not think you would care for 'it,'" answered the young lady. "I am very pleased to 'get it, as I am from America,'" I replied. "Indeed, may 'I ask what part?'" "Canada," I said, inwardly wonder-

ing who my fair questioner could be, and thinking how good it was of her to have a Canadian paper. For though I heard regularly from home, it was some time since I had got a paper from Canada, or heard how they thought there of our doings on the sands of Egypt. But, if my surprise had been great at first, it was very much heightened when the lady repeated, "Canada? Are you really a Canadian?" "From what part? Who would ever think of meeting a 'Canadian here?'" I replied that I was from Ontario, though a native of Montreal, and my astonishment was now much increased when the young lady, turning abruptly, left me, crossed the room to where another lady was sitting by the bed-side of one of the 42nd Highlanders, and whom I had not previously observed. Imagine my surprise to hear the younger lady repeat, "Oh, mamma, I have found a 'Canadian!'" "A Canadian?" repeated the elder lady, directing her attention from the Highlander to my visitor, "Where?" "Over here, come over and see him before 'you go.'" "You go."

To say that I was surprised is indeed a mild statement of my feelings. I had heard of no Canadian people being in Cairo, or in fact of any English ladies having as yet come out, and I had not met a Canadian, or anyone who took any interest in that far away land for so long, that I was at a loss to understand who these ladies could be who appeared so interested in me because I was a Canadian. In a few moments "Mamma," accompanied by the young lady, came over to me, and, seating herself on the side of my cot, said: "My daughter tells me you are from Canada?" "Yes," I replied, "I am a Canadian." "How strange to 'find a Canadian in the army here, and you are so young. 'What part of Canada do you come from?'" "Eastern Ontario; my father's home is in South Grenville, near 'Prescott," I answered. "Have you 'ever been in Ottawa?" "wa?," the lady continued. "Oh, yes, several times, 'M'm." "Then you must have often seen us?" continued my visitor, who, however, noting my puzzled look, added, "You know, my husband is the British Ambassador here, 'Lord Dufferin, and we spent several years in Canada." Upon this announcement I was, I must admit, somewhat disconcerted, but assured her Ladyship that I had seen Lord and Lady Dufferin several times. As a matter of fact I had, upon two occasions, seen their Excellencies when Lord Dufferin was Governor-General of Canada, but it was some years previous, and being very young at the time, the recollection was not sufficient to enable me to recognize the lady until after she had revealed her identity. "This is 'my daughter, the Lady Helen," continued her Ladyship, "and we shall be very glad to have a long talk with you 'again, for I notice you are now in no condition for conversation."

This was the beginning of a very pleasant and, on my part, much prized intercourse, and which I firmly believed helped materially to restore me to health. Lady Dufferin, for the many months she resided in Cairo, devoted every afternoon to her sick soldier countrymen, and, in company with Lady Helen, visited, on alternate days, the hospital at Abbasseh and that at the Citadel. We all appreciated these visits very much, and eagerly looked for "Ladies' day," as the days of their visits soon came to be called among the patients. Flowers, books, newspapers and magazines were distributed in profusion, for her Ladyship never came empty-handed, and the only person who seemed to view her visit with apprehension was the hospital librarian, who often complained that it was little use having rules and regulations when ladies were always interceding on behalf of some patient for their disregard. A few days after my meeting with her Ladyship, I was privileged with a long chat with her and Lady Helen about Canada, and, when taking her departure that day, Lady Dufferin asked me if I had written home and if they were aware there of my illness. Upon my reply that I had not, as I had been so weak, she kindly offered to write for me if I would give her the address. This I gladly did, and in due course my father received a charming letter from the Countess informing him that I had been ill but was fast progressing towards recovery. This was but one of her Ladyship's many kind and thoughtful acts to the sick of the Army of Occupation during her stay in Egypt. To me, as a Canadian, she was specially kind, and evinced much interest in my welfare. We had many pleasant chats about Canada, the cold winters, the skating, tobogganing, &c., and both mother and daughter seemed to have retained the fondest recollections of our country, and grateful reminiscences of the kindness (as they termed it) shown them there throughout their entire stay. Lady Dufferin several times remarked how strange she thought it to find a Canadian serving in the army of Egypt, and that she had never expected to find one there. She was much interested one day when, in reply to an expression of this nature, I assured her that we Canadians were very proud to serve the Empire under the old flag of our fathers, and that, as in the Roman armies of old, you might always find a few representatives of even the most distant Provinces, in the Imperial force of any magnitude.

A few days before Christmas her Ladyship was so kind as to honor me with an invitation to take my Christmas dinner with her at the Villa Cattoui, a beautiful residence in the west end of the city, and which had, on his arrival, been placed at Lord Dufferin's disposal by one of the leading native Pashas. To say that I felt grateful for this marked distinction to a soldier of the rank and file, with, as yet, but two chevrons on his arm, is quite an inadequate expression of the feelings entertained by myself and comrades in return for her Ladyship's condescension. My readers will understand the disappointment experienced when, on application to the surgeon, I was re-



fused permission to go. I was still too weak, the doctor said, to venture out, and the excitement would militate against my recovery. So it was thought wisest for me to remain where I was.

On Christmas Day, however, our visitors came again to see us, in company with some other ladies who had just arrived out from England. Christmas cards were distributed by the ladies to all the patients, and with a kind thoughtfulness exceedingly appropriate, I think, her Ladyship had selected one with a snow-clad winter scene for her Canadian protégé. It will, perhaps, be needless to remark that he still retains and prizes that little card very much.

I am proud and delighted to have the opportunity here of proclaiming to my countrymen the kindness of Lady Dufferin and her daughter, not only to myself but to a great many others of Sir Archibald Alison's army. It was so good of her to devote her time and attention to us. Many ladies of culture and high rank would have disdained trooping through hospital wards among common soldiers, or, at most, would have contented themselves with an occasional visit and hurried glance over the rows of beds, escorted most likely by the principal medical officer or some of the chief surgeons or officers, who would, of course, make a point of sparing them the worst cases. Not so Lady Dufferin and her daughter. Every other afternoon her carriage came to the Citadel with its load of books, papers, fruit, cut flowers, roses, &c. They came around and chatted, and, in a quiet, inostentatious, motherly and sisterly way with a kind word here, and enquiry there; and many were the expressions of gratitude sent after them by the rough and ready soldiers of the rank and file, ebbing away their lives for Britain in the ancient land of the Pharaohs.

The Canadians who still recollect Lord and Lady Dufferin's stay among us, this statement of the latter's attention to the sick soldiers of the Expeditionary Force and Army of Occupation will, I feel positive, give much satisfaction. Her Ladyship is not one to do for the purpose of being seen or talked of, and all the more for this reason does the writer feel pleasure in being the poor means of bringing to the notice of his countrymen the attention and kindness of her Ladyship to one of their number when abroad among strangers serving the interests of the Empire.

CHARLES F. WINTER.



Snowshoeing seems to be fast regaining its old-time vigour and there are a great many people who last year did their tramping wrapped up in Buffalo robes who are now donning the shoes. In numbers the old Tuque Blue are at the head of the list and they always manage to have a good representation on the road, even when it is a long tramp to the Back River; thirty-two all up for a Saturday afternoon is a pretty good showing. The St. George men have been having splendid entertainments at their club house, which has always been crowded, but the red cross men have seemed adverse to walking out when sleighs were to be obtained. The veterans' tramp on Saturday afternoon was a decided improvement and the turn-out was as large as could be looked for, both the walking and riding contingent being there in force. It will be remembered that at the annual meeting of the St. George club the organization of a junior club was discussed, and after a good deal of talk was shelved for the time being. The arguments used in favour of the scheme were to the effect that nearly all the red cross men were getting pretty old now and that they wanted some new blood to take part in the active work of tramping and snowshoe racing. In other words, it would be a good thing to uphold the honour of the club in athletics, but a junior body was necessary to provide material from which to draw. It seems as if the idea properly thought out would be a good one; because there would be no reason whatever why the two organizations should clash. One or two evenings or afternoons a week the use of the club house could be had by the juniors, who in this way would not interfere with the fixtures of the elder knights. The matter may be worth consideration and perhaps more would be done if the movers in the matter would elaborate their scheme and have it discussed at some of the meetings.

The other snowshoe clubs are also showing signs of healthy progress, the Argyles being particularly ambitious, while the Hollies, Crescents, Lachine, Garrison, Canadian and Emeralds are well up on the road too. The Montreal men have laid out a big programme for the holidays. On Christmas eve the usual tramp will be made headed by the Indian band, and on the return a visit will be paid to the last resting place of "Old Evergreen." Then on Christmas morning there will be a hockey match, 12 aside, played on the open-air rink. When it is remembered that the ice is three times the area of the Victoria rink, it will immediately be seen what a chance there will be for brilliant runs. It will be hockey as is hockey and the best skater will make the best showing. It will be a good appetizer for a Christmas dinner, too.

At the Athletic Club House there are not only the sounds of revelry by night, but there are also the sharp bang of the

shotgun or the crack of the rifle during most of the day. The Club House is gradually becoming more appreciated and it is only necessary that the public should become acquainted with the amusements of the place to make it a genuinely popular resort. Turkey shoots have been the rage for the past week and many excellent scores were made with the rifle. All next week there will be a handicap trap shooting competition at twenty blue rocks and the younger shots are expected to turn out in force. The contest will close on New Year's Day. There is still another feature which the management have had under consideration for some time past and that is to give some sort of a stimulus to snowshoe racing, and, if possible, revive the days when record breakers were doing their work over the mountain and across the country. About the middle of next month a fine gold medal will be offered for a steeplechase, open to all clubs. As it is likewise probable that each club whose members compete will add a prize there ought to be such a turn out as would put one in mind of old times.

On Saturday the Park slide was opened for the season, and although the weather previously had not been the best in the world to get a slide in order, all the difficulties were overcome and the chute was in splendid condition. To judge from the success attending the opening, it would appear that all that is necessary to have the old-time interest taken in this sport is to have just such a hard-working committee as the club at present has.

The Ottawa Bowling team were a little unfortunate in their visit to Montreal, as both their matches were lost; but everybody cannot win, and then Ottawa had things pretty much her own way when the Vics were at the Capital. In the opening competition the M.A.A.A. team had much the best of the play, only one man on the visiting team equaling the lowest figure of the Montreal men, while for steady bowling Higginson carried off the honours with an average of 180 $\frac{2}{3}$ . In the second competition with the Victoria Rifles the defeat was not so marked, but still the home men had a majority of 114 points, the score being: Victoria Rifles 2,938; Ottawa A. C., 2,822. But if the men from the Capital did not carry away the laurel wreath with them they did take away a large lump of pleasant reminiscences, and their drive to the Back River, as the guests of the Montreal Snowshoe Club, will not be among the things to be forgotten.

There is some talk about an open skating meeting in Halifax under the auspices of the Maritime Provinces Athletic Association, and if such a meeting takes place the Haligonians need not expect to have everything their own way. I have just received a letter from a Halifax friend, in which he states that Carroll, of Pictou, N.S., will certainly compete. Gordon, of Montreal, is also expected to be on the ice, and nobody would be surprised to see Eddy Irwin again in the ring, and if proper arrangements could be made Lavasseur might also take part. That would be a pretty strong contingent to represent Montreal. Patterson, of Dartmouth, is also among the list of probable competitors, and these men would altogether make the contest a decidedly interesting one. It is to be hoped that the Maritime A. A. A. will stick to its first good resolution and give the meeting, because amateur skating can stand a great deal of improvement in Canada just now. Among the professionals the talk is confined to the coming races of Laidlaw and McCormick, three having been so far arranged. The first takes place in St. John, N.B., on December 26 and the second in Halifax on January 2. But the public are not taking much stock in professional races just now, last season's work in Minnesota having put a very effectual damper on any over-exuberant admiration there was lying about loose. In the meantime, the Canadian Amateur Skating Association can find plenty to do, especially if it is desired to take not merely a passive legislative interest but an active one in the sport.

Notwithstanding the amalgamation, or rather the absorption, of the Manhattan Club into the A. A. U., there is still no love lost between the two rival associations of New York, and recent events go to prove that when the athletics of either organization are to be hauled over the coals there will always be found some willing in the other club to stir up the fire and make things as pleasant as possible. One instance of this sort happened recently and culminated in charges of professionalism against Queckberner, Copeland and Mitchell. And these charges were made, too, on the strength of an anonymous letter which the accusing club has not been able to substantiate. There is very little doubt in the minds of those who pay attention to athletes that the true spirit of amateurism is very much sinned against by both clubs, and while Mr. McKinley's bill has not put a prohibition duty on imported amateur athletic talent, it is to be supposed that they will still travel in the old groove, and the mote will be plainly perceptible, while the beam is out of sight.

The curlers are just getting into shape for the hard work of the season, and soon all the rinks will be busy with the friendly and other matches. The Montreal Club has already been challenged for the Quebec cup by the Thistles, and the Ottawa Club will also be heard from shortly after, no matter whom victory in the first match attends. That was an exciting match, too, between the

Golfers and Thistles at the Thistle rink, when the latter were victorious by a majority of 9 points.

Professional championships of the world are always difficult things to get around, especially when a claimant for any of them is looking for some free advertising, which he generally manages to get with the aid of a sensational daily press, to whose news mill everything is grist that comes along. The sculling championship is a case in point, and, since the untimely death of Searle, has been a most convenient vehicle for ambitious scullers to air their views and their claims in. The Canadian champion went to the Antipodes in search of that title and some Australian shekels, and returned home without either of them, sadder maybe and wiser, but not satisfied. Peter Kemp still stood in his way, and as there was no probability of any more Canadians or Americans crossing the Pacific in the near future, the astute oarsmen from the Kangaroo country thought they would come to America and give O'Connor a race for the championship on this side of the Pacific. This was all very well as far as it went, and deposits were placed to bind the match; but an unlooked for emergency arose. Kemp had a race, presumably for the championship, with Mr. McLean, and the former was beaten. This left Kemp out in the cold, as far as his match with the Canadian was concerned, and without making any disagreeable remarks he forfeited his deposit to O'Connor; but this forfeiture does not carry with it any title to the championship. In the meantime, one John Teemer, of McKeesport, Penn., who always has an eye for the main chance, discovers a way of turning an honest penny by disappearing from his usual haunts and attempting to be on hand when the steamer carrying Kemp gets into San Francisco. But the best laid plans of oarsmen and others sometimes fall a little short. A man with Teemer's appetite for notoriety had to discover himself, and his attempt to be a little previous to O'Connor was its own undoing. It would have been very pretty, indeed, if by any chance Teemer beat Kemp in a first match; he would then have bobbed up serenely and claimed a championship. But as it is now, Mr. Teemer can do a little more hide-and-go-seek. He likes it, and it amuses the public, and, of course, there is no harm done.

There is such rivalry among the crack billiardists just now that before long many extra attractions may be looked for. One of the latest moves is an idea of Slosson's, and the "student" is at present in negotiation with one of the Parisian marvels, Lucien Piot, who will probably soon be astonishing the frequenters of Slosson's palatial billiard rooms. The proposed big handicap in France has fallen through, as far as the Americans were concerned. There was not enough money in it for them.

There promises to be an unusually lively time on the trotting tracks this winter, and Montreal will have her full share as well as Ottawa. About the middle of January the Montreal Driving Park at Point St. Charles will give a three-days' meeting, and purses to the amount of \$1,500 will be hung out. This meeting will be followed by one on the river track, which has just been laid out, and then Ottawa and Hull will come in for their share of attention. Four such meetings as these will keep trotting men busy and help pay the winter's feed. The Driving Park management intends to have a race meeting every week, and will begin on Christmas day.

R. O. X.

### The First Christmas.

Et incarnatus est de spiritu sancto ex Maria Virgine, et Homo factus est.

The sun has sunk behind the hills,  
The birds and beasts have gone to rest,  
The murmur of the ocean trills  
A lullaby to heaven addressed.

The solemn midnight hour creeps on,  
The world is hushed in slumber sweet,  
When lo! a heavenly radiance shone  
Upon the shepherds with their sheep.

Ten thousand harps of music bright  
Are touched as by the hand of one,  
A quivering thrill of pure delight  
Steals o'er the earth, as doth the sun.

What means this pure ecstatic theme  
That from the lips of angels flow?  
Why thus their glorious faces beam  
With brilliance of celestial glow?

It is a message strange they sing,  
These spotless souls in garments white,  
The message that the Heavenly King  
In Bethlehem is born to-night.

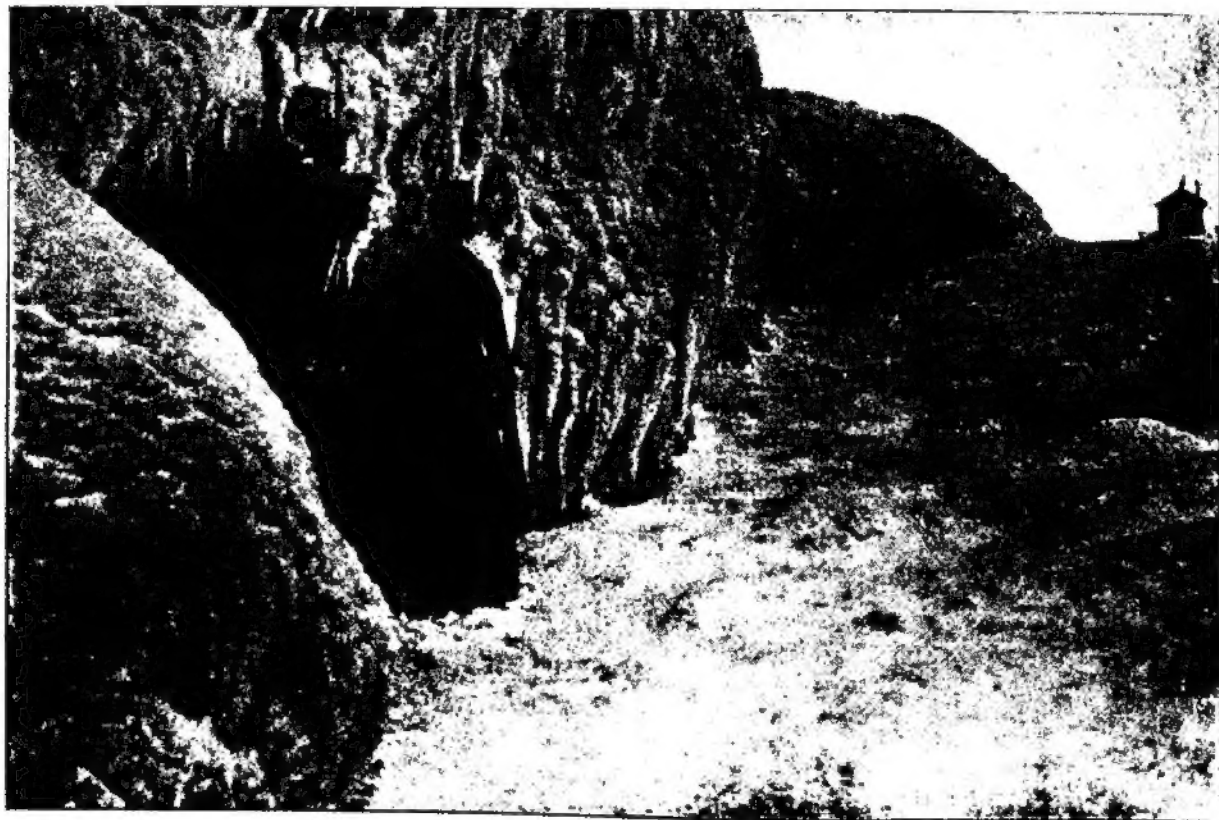
Hush! softly tread, and peep within  
The cot where yonder sweetly lies  
The Blessed Babe, the Saviour King,  
The Ruler of the Earth and Skies.

O blessed calm to rest beneath  
The roof where heaven and earth are one.  
Come, let us with the angels wreath  
A garland for the Virgin's Son.

Dec. 1890.

A. G. DOUGHTY.





AMONG THE ICEBERGS ON THE SHORE OF LAKE HURON.  
(Mr. J. H. Scougall, Amateur photo.)

### Our Toronto Letter.

[From our own correspondent.]

TORONTO, December, 1890.

Allow me to begin by saying that I am delighted to see so many high Canadian names in the Christmas Number, particularly my friend, as I hope he calls me, Archibald Lampman.

It used to be "Calico Ball," until the discarded ball dresses would not serve the turn of the children for pinafores, so lovely and ornate and cut up were they. Now it is "Charity Ball," and the ladies may dress as they like, the results, so far as the particular charity intended, being just as valuable as formerly. The ball given for the Infants' Home on the 11th inst. at the Pavilion—a lovely place for dancing—was the first of the kind this season. We always know there will be a grand affair of some kind for the Orphans' Home, and that it will be a success. This year we may anticipate something of the sort for the Hospital for Sick Children, the splendid new building for which, on the old site on College street, is nearing completion. I hear that one of Toronto's largest hearts and tenderest souls, to whom the Hospital for Sick Children owes its existence (Mrs. Samuel McMaster, now a widow) is to be the matron-manager of the new hospital—a fitting acknowledgment of invaluable services well and truly performed out of love and sympathy, and without any reward for many years.

A project which is much more to our taste in the neighbourhood than the "up-town hotel" that was to be built on the University land on College street, is an athletic club. The University authorities, with Mr. Chancellor Blake at their head, look kindly on the scheme, and there is every prospect of its being carried out. I hope the needs of women in respect to athletics will not be overlooked in the scheme. There is great necessity that the sex should be provided for, and no reason why such provision should not be included in the arrangements made. Capt. Harston, R.G., is secretary of the company, and is active in the matter.

It seems strange that Capt. Harston's rifle was not adopted as the new arm, since it was pronounced at the Horse Guards all that could be desired, for the rifle lately issued in England is being repudiated on every hand. "Kissing goes by favour," says the old saw, and it certainly looks like it.

A new military paper is being talked about; indeed, I have been told that stock is being issued. The Ottawa paper, *The Militia Gazette*, does not fill all the requirements of some of our military men, and they think Toronto ought to be able to found a paper to their mind and establish it. It takes a great deal to run a paper, particularly one with a limited circle of friends, and one can only hope the new venture will not burn somebody's fingers.

I saw a lot of Grenadiers in uniform at "The Meeting of the Nations," an entertainment got up by the W.C.T.U. of Toronto in aid of the building fund of their headquarters. Each union of the city took charge of a booth or stall furnished with goods appropriate to the country it represented, and was attended by young ladies in the national costume.

The platform of the Pavilion, where the "meeting" was held, was transformed into a stage, and a number of tableaux excellently presented thereon. Several of these were got up by the teachers of the public schools—notably, "Canada, the Old and the New." Miss Canada was beautifully impersonated by one of the ladies, but it must have been a wearisome rôle, since Miss Canada stood high above all else on a rock pedestal holding a wand or sceptre,

her head almost touching the maple leaf surrounding the beaver on our Canadian ensign, and appearing in every tableau while others changed their parts. "England, Ireland and Scotland," "The Relief of Lucknow," "Africa," embracing figures of Egypt, Algiers, Congo State, Zululand and Central Africa; "China and Japan," the "Three Little Maids" scene; "Spain," "France," "The United States," "Germany," "Russia," "The Nations" made up a list of telling and beautifully-presented scenes, that any city might be proud to produce. Your correspondent wondered if the ladies recognized how "theatrical" it was; and, a number of them belonging to religious bodies who denounce theatricals and dancing, whether they had concluded that "charity covers a multitude of sins" and felt themselves absolved. Your correspondent thinks that to the "pure all things are pure," and such will only recognize and support pure things, even on the stage of a theatre. I hoped to have heard Mrs. Dunbar-Morowety sing that evening, her name coming next to the tableau of "France and Germany," but was not able to remain. Mrs. Dunbar is the wife of our sculptor, F. A. Dunbar, and is a Viennese lady of high cultivation and fine musical training, received, of course, in Europe. Her voice is a rich, deep contralto, and will certainly win for her such fame as Canada can confer. She is on the staff of the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

The late Mr. Capreol's scheme of a ship canal between the lakes and the sea is to be carried out at last; but, as a ship-railway, changes in commercial methods, the march of improvements and other reasons leading to the substitution. It is said that twelve millions will build the railway, while thirty millions would be sunk in a canal—no pun intended.



ICEBERGS ON THE SHORE OF LAKE HURON.  
(Mr. J. H. Scougall, Amateur photo.)

### Peace and Good Will.

DEAR SIR,—I think the following extract from a very excellent collection of poems by the Rev. F. G. Scott, Rector of Drummondville, P.Q., would not be unacceptable to the readers of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, which has always earnestly advocated peace and good will between Canadians of every race and creed, nor altogether inapplicable as a poetical tract for the times. If you are of the same opinion you will, I hope, insert it, and oblige your constant reader,  
W.

#### CATHOLICISM.

"And other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also must I bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold under one Shepherd"—John x. 16.

Hast thou not seen the tints unfold,  
From earth, sky, sea and setting sun,  
When all the glare of day was done,  
And melt in one long stream of gold.

So down the dim-lit glades of time,  
Age after age, things divers blend,  
Each working for the same great end,  
And in its working each sublime.

Was it in vain that Buddha taught,  
Or that Mohammed lived and died?  
Have they not, working side by side,  
In differing climes God's purpose wrought.

O, Christian sage, who lov'st thy creeds,  
Think not the Popes that bind thee fast,  
Like storm-tossed sailor, to the mast,  
Can answer yet each brother's needs.

And rail not thou at those half-known,  
Who, groping thro' a darker night,  
Have found, perhaps, a dimmer light  
Than that thou sternly call'st thine own.

Would'st thou have spent, like them, thy youth,  
Thy manhood and thy weak old age,  
In one long search through Nature's page,—  
An unassisted search for truth

Oh, dream not that the Almighty's powers  
Must ever work in one known way,  
Nor think those planets have no day,  
Whose suns are other suns than ours.

#### Lux Fiat.

Silence profound, and unawakened night!  
Nor vigil-star, nor moon—but darkness all  
Beshrouds the slumbrous deep, like some rude pall  
Thrown on the quiet dead. Nought cheers the sight!  
Impenetrable gloom steepes the vast height,  
And length and breadth of chaos, held in thrall  
By an eternal power pleased to forestall  
His will—bid death be life and darkness light!

He spake!—and thro' the farthest field of space  
The mighty fiat rang, and back returned  
With thunderous echo—heard and understood!  
So did the Lord of Light the gloom efface!  
Then from His throne, for future acts concerned,  
Surveyed his work, and saw that it was good!

Amherst, N. S.

H. H. PITTMAN.